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THE GREAT YACHTING WEEK AT COWES: THE KING'S "BRITANNIA" SEEN FROM "SHAMROCK."

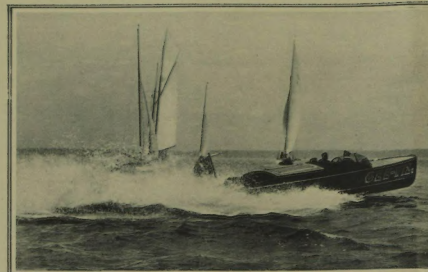
Cowes Week, the great yachting festival of the year, opened on August 1, in rainy weather, with the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. The King's famous cutter, "Britannia," as usual, took part in the events arranged for the larger craft. Among her rivals were Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock,"

Lord Waring's "White Heather II," Sir Mortimer Singer's "Lulworth," and Mr. F. T. B. Davis's "Westward." Further photographs of the occasion, including the arrival of the King and Queen, and incidents of the racing, appear on later pages in this number.

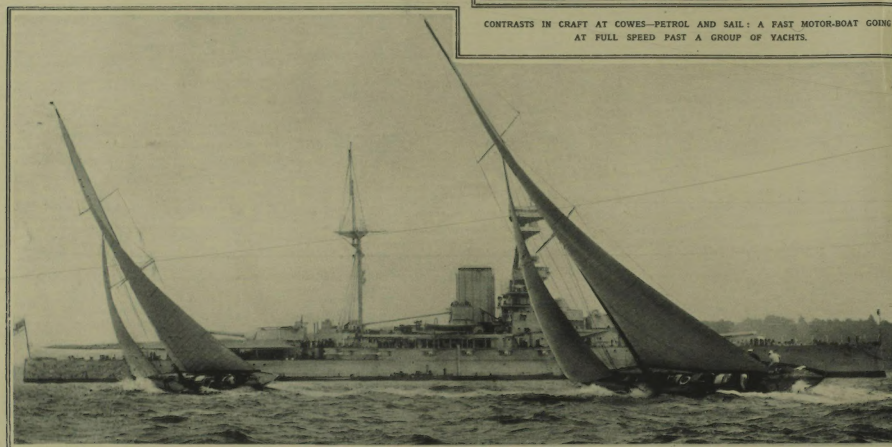
ROYAL COWES WEEK: THE KING TAKES PART IN THE FAMOUS YACHTING FESTIVAL.



A NEW EVENT: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHALLENGE CUP RACE FOR 14-FT. DINGHIES—ROUNDING THE MARK JUST AFTER THE START.



CONTRASTS IN CRAFT AT COWES—PETROL AND SAIL: A FAST MOTOR-BOAT GOING AT FULL SPEED PAST A GROUP OF YACHTS.



RACING YACHTS PASSING THE BATTLE-SHIP H.M.S. "RAMILLIES," ACTING AS GUARD-SHIP TO THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": THE BOATS HEELING OVER TO A STIFF BREEZE.



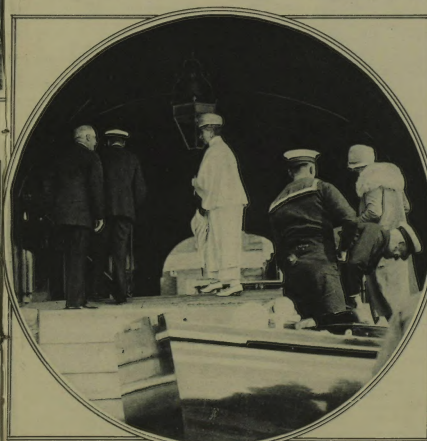
BIG YACHTS DURING A RACE: THE DECK OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK" AND (IN LEFT BACKGROUND) LORD WARING'S "WHITE HEATHER II."



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF ROYAL COWES WEEK: A SOCIETY GROUP IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AT COWES.



THE KING IN FAIR-WEATHER KIT ABOARD HIS RACING YACHT AT COWES: HIS MAJESTY (LEFT OF TWO FIGURES IN DARK JACKETS STANDING IN THE CENTRE) ON THE DECK OF "BRITANNIA" AS SHE WAS "JOCKEYING" FOR POSITION IN A RACE.



THEIR MAJESTIES LANDING AT EAST COWES: THE KING (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND THE QUEEN (CENTRE) ON THE QUAY.



THE KING IN FOUL-WEATHER KIT AT COWES: HIS MAJESTY (SECOND FROM LEFT) WEARING OIL-SKINS ON A RAINY DAY DURING THE RACING.

The King and Queen visited Cowes for the great week of yachting, and his Majesty took part in various events aboard his famous racing cutter, "Britannia." Racing began on Saturday, July 30, with the Royal Southampton Yacht Club's annual regatta, forming a prelude to the actual Cowes "Week," which began officially on Bank Holiday (August 1), with the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. Their Majesties landed at East Cowes, on their arrival, from the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," to which the battle-ship "Ramillies" acted as guard-ship. As usual, there was a distinguished society gathering in the

grounds of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the new Commodore of which is Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, as successor to the late Duke of Leeds. An interesting new event in the racing at Cowes this year is the contest for small 14-foot dinghies, for which the Prince of Wales has presented a challenge cup. There were forty-one entries. It is hoped that another year perhaps the Prince himself, who is at present in Canada, may sail his own boat at Cowes. The larger yachts included Lord Waring's "White Heather II," Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," Sir Mortimer Singer's "Lulworth," and Mr. F. T. B. Davis's "Westward."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE of the mysteries of the modern world is why those who are so very subtle in giving an account of men are so very simple in giving an account of mankind. The novelist, who sees the finest shades for the purpose of fiction, seems to see everything in the crudest colours when he comes to consider history. He would be ashamed to leave one of the seven sisters in the Tooting villa (which is the scene of his new passionate and pulsating novel) undistinguished by her own tint of temperament or shade of religious doubt. But if he talks at large about things being "medieval," and you tell him that there was a good deal of difference between the beginning of the thirteenth century and the end of the fifteenth, he imagines you are splitting hairs and making Jesuitical excuses. The author of one of those recent and formidable works of fiction which trace the life of the hero from his first vices and crimes in the cradle to his last stages of decomposition in the grave, would have no difficulty in realising that such an individual varied with his varying periods. He would know it would be useless to look in Volume Three, which is devoted to his first experience of getting the soap in his eyes, for an incident which really occupies Volume Fourteen, such as the effect on old-world religious beliefs produced by having a pebble in his shoe. But the same author will talk calmly about whether "the good old times" were really "bad old times," without even once considering what times he is talking about, or realising that, in another sense of the popular phrase, there were times and times.

The fictionist (filthy word) who goes in for being a psycho-analyst (filthier word) will think nothing of tracing the most contradictory motives under the most common actions. He will represent hoary and horrible pagan perversions as disguising themselves under fresh and innocent infantile impulses. He will represent every image that can occur to the mind sleeping or waking as a symbol of something totally different. But it never seems to occur to him that historical dangers can disguise themselves, that old foes can appear with new masks, or that the ghost of the twelfth century can easily put on the hat and trousers of the twentieth. He professes to know what Freud meant when he said that dreams are sexual hieroglyphics written darkly and illegibly; but he does not seem to know what Milton meant when he said that New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. Probably he does not see it because it is writ too large. He will give the most sympathetic explanation of crimes, along with the most general recommendation of liberty, and never know what Madame Roland meant by saying, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Therefore it never occurs to him to look to Liberty and see the tyranny and slavery and illiberal oppression that are always being committed in her name. When this type of man, often a man of great talent and intelligence, is attempting to generalise about the human lot or the philosophy of history, he seems to be of all men the most easily duped by mere names and mere appearances.

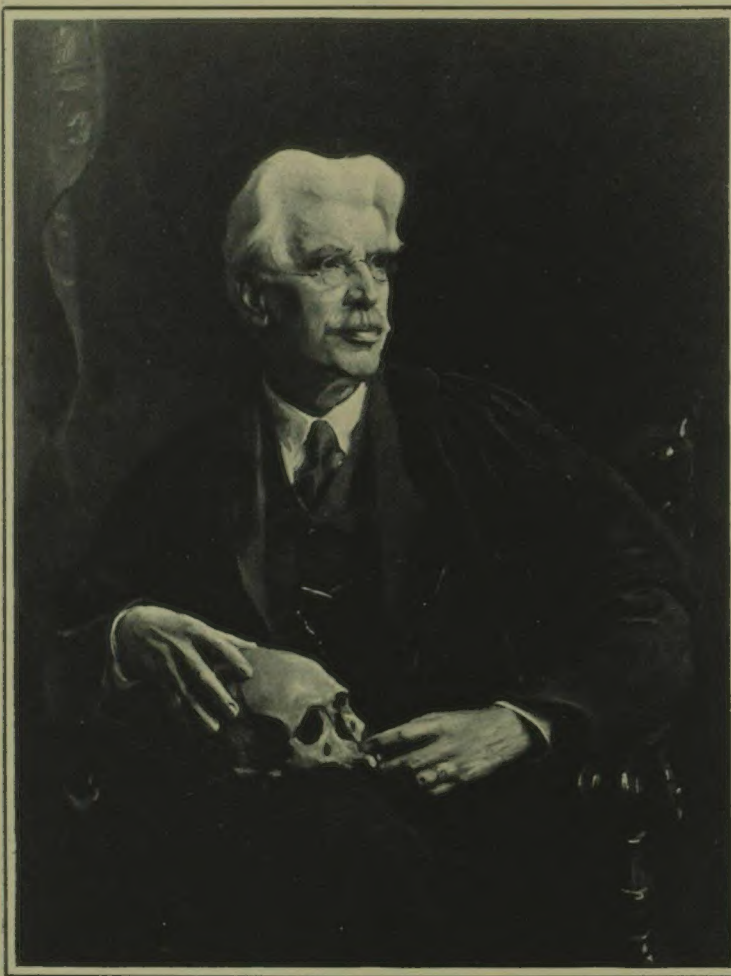
These melancholy reflections have been aroused in my mind by reading an article, of a semi-autobiographical sort, from the pen of an able and distinguished novelist, Mr. J. D. Beresford. He seems to be undertaking to show that the world is growing better, which may or may not be the truth, but certainly he hardly succeeds in proving it. His argument is that he was the son of an Anglican clergyman and was brought up in a country rectory, in which he was taught that Mr. Gladstone was the enemy and destroyer of his country, and that Bradlaugh and the Board Schools were very bad things, a little less bad than the abominable Mr. G. Now, I heard all about that sort of thing in my own child-

hood, from a grandfather and many other charming old gentlemen; though I do not think I ever took it quite so seriously as Mr. Beresford seems to have done. But it seems to me much more extraordinary that Mr. Beresford should take his present emancipation so seriously than that he should take his old subjection so seriously. Does he really mean that the mind of man has improved because vicars are no longer reviling William Ewart Gladstone? He might as well say that they had improved two hundred years before, when they gradually left off abusing William the Third. They left off abusing him because he was no longer there to abuse. But does he really mean that people in the present and in the future will never find anybody to abuse? Has he seen, following each other across the pantomime

I remember that Mr. J. D. Beresford, a little while ago, was an ardent advocate of psycho-analysis in fiction; and I even had the honour of a little argument with him about it. Yet although that system would present to us the most prehistoric appetites concealed under modern forms, he does not seem to see that in politics also it will always be possible to combine good form with bad feeling. If somebody is to be denounced or destroyed, it will be just as easy to say that he is obstructing the progress of the human race as to say that he is dismembering the British Empire. It will be as easy to call him the enemy of his kind as the enemy of his country. In neither case need the thing be proved; in neither case, perhaps, can it be proved; nor, I will add, can it be disproved. For here again there seems to be a curious lopsidedness about the intelligence and imagination of the modern novelist. He is proud of not making his characters merely black and white. But he seems to think that opinions can be judged and stated entirely in black and white. And, in the case of opinions, it would really seem that black and white merely correspond to old and new. The old fashions of thought are dismissed as if they were obviously wrong; the new fashions of thought are paraded as if they were obviously right. Yet such a novelist would think it absurd to write a novel in which all young men were entirely good, and all old men entirely bad. Indeed, a novelist of such psychological pretensions would probably think it wrong to describe any men as entirely bad. He would insist on the importance of the reader understanding the point of view even of the basest and most crooked of his characters. He would see that there was something to be said even for his own vilest villain. But he cannot see that there was something to be said even for his own father.

For the views of the country vicarage were by no means so senseless as its innocent offspring in his innocence supposes. I can speak of them with some detachment and impartiality, for I have fought against many of them all my life. Having been long a Gladstonian Liberal, and long after that an enthusiast for the national claims of Ireland, I am not likely to be biased in favour of the Conservative country clergyman who regarded Gladstone as a fiend rending and ruining his own land. But, while I have perhaps been rather more active against such Unionism than Mr. Beresford has ever had occasion to be, I can see that there is a great deal more to be said for it than Mr. Beresford has apparently had occasion to consider. I could make a much better case for Mr. Beresford's father than that reverend gentleman could apparently expect from his brilliant and psychological son. Suppose the reverend gentleman did say that Radicalism was ruining England or Home Rule rending the Empire. It is by no means impossible to believe that he was right. It is not silly to think that democracy

has in fact weakened the old aristocratic England, for a time very rich and strong, with its secure squires and merchant-princes. A man is not a fool because he says that England really was weakened by the time that Ireland was strong enough to gain so much from her. There is a great deal more to be said for those respectable opinions of that respectable old gentleman than there is for half the disreputable and dirty moods and motives that are sympathetically explained in modern novels. I find it easier to forgive the old Tory for his politics than the young experimentalist for his ethics; and in almost any new novel there are sillier things than prejudice in favour of Church schools. I even think the older heads the stronger for having had some opinions; and the younger rather the weaker for not understanding what opinions really are.



A DISTINGUISHED CAMBRIDGE ANTHROPOLOGIST: "DR. A. C. HADDON, F.R.S."—A NEW PORTRAIT BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

This fine portrait of Dr. Haddon was to be seen in Mr. Philip de Laszlo's recent exhibition at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. Dr. Alfred Cort Haddon, who is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, is one of the most eminent of British anthropologists. From 1880 to 1901 he was Professor of Zoology at the Royal College of Science in Dublin; from 1900 to 1909, University Reader in Ethnology at Cambridge; and for some years concurrently Lecturer in Ethnology in the University of London. He has written a number of important books, including "A History of Anthropology," "Wanderings of Peoples," "The Races of Man and their Distribution," "Magic and Fetishism," and "Head-Hunters, Black, White, and Brown."

By Courtesy of the Artist. (Copyright Reserved.)

stage, the long succession of popular guys and cockshies, and supposed that there is nobody and nothing to be pelted except the large collars of the Grand Old Man? Has he not known the steady succession of Kaiser and Lenin and Trotsky and all the other people, bad, good, and indifferent, whose mere names are nailed up by the newspapers to be a mark for such absurd pelting? And is there not exactly the same sort of pelting of reactionary names among revolutionary groups; and would it be in the least difficult, in Socialistic circles, to make the same sort of commonplace cockshy of Mussolini or the Duke of Northumberland, or even poor Mr. Baldwin? Why should the human race abandon its favourite sport of talking nonsense because it is naturally talking nonsense about its own affairs and not about its grandfather's affairs?

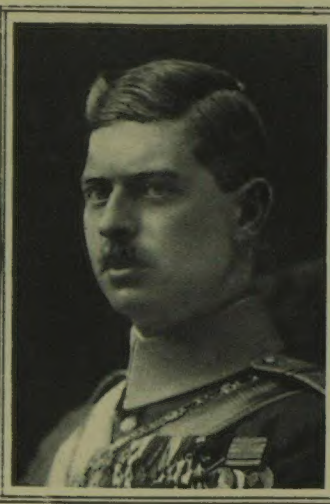
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LADY LAUDER.
(Died, July 31; aged 54.) Formerly Miss Annie Vallance. Married the famous Scottish comedian Sir Harry (then Mr.) Lauder, in 1890.



MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.
(Born, Sept. 16, 1860; Died, July 27.) Painter of portraits and of subject pictures. A pioneer of military camouflage in the Great War.



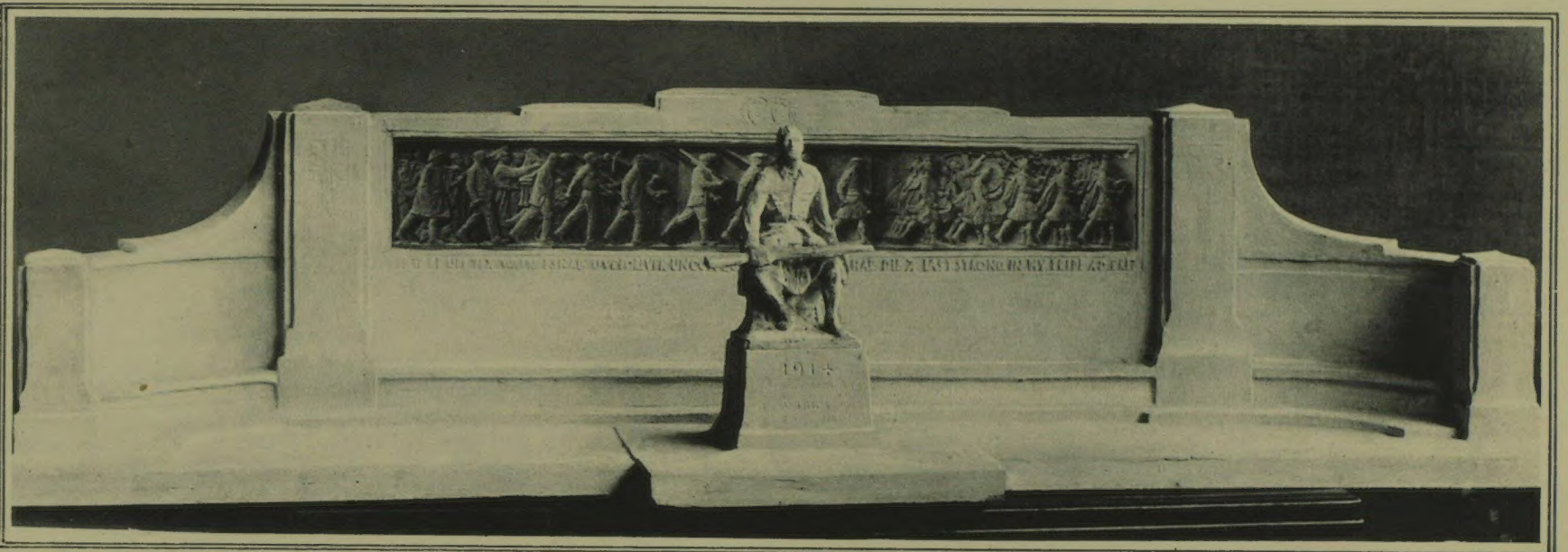
PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA.
Renounced the succession in 1925; but reported to have claimed the right, as a Rumanian and a father, to intervene personally in Rumanian affairs.



CAPTAIN F. L. BARNARD.
Killed at Filton Aerodrome, Bristol, on July 28, while testing a racing aeroplane he intended to fly in the race for the King's Cup.



PAYMASTER-CAPT. SIR FRANK T. SPICKERNELL, K.B.E.
Knighthood on the retirement of Lord Beatty from the position of First Sea Lord. Was the Admiral's Secretary.



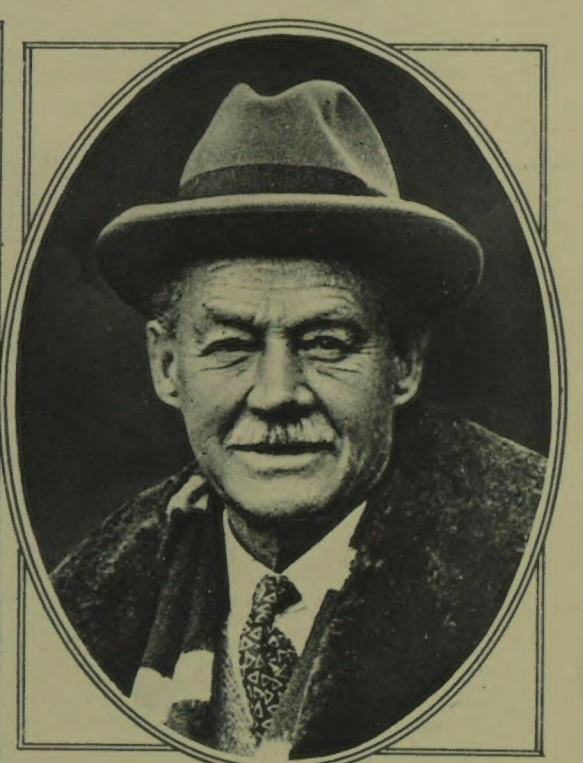
A WAR MEMORIAL FOR EDINBURGH WHICH HAS BEEN SUBSCRIBED FOR BY SCOTS IN THE UNITED STATES: A NEW MEMORIAL TO SCOTTISH SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR.



SIR HARRY JOHNSTON.
(Born, June 12, 1858; Died, July 31.) The great explorer. Famous for his pioneer work in acquiring and administering large tracts in British Equatorial Africa.



A PRESENTATION PORTRAIT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK—BY JOSEPH SIMPSON, C.B.E.



SIR WILFRED T. GRENFELL.
Better known as "Grenfell of Labrador." Has become a K.C.M.G. in recognition of his fine missionary work in Newfoundland, and on the Labrador coast.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, it need hardly be said, was exceedingly well known and very popular as a painter. In addition, many will remember him for the fine work he did in pioneering military camouflage during the war. His first famous portrait was one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, painted in 1893.—It was reported from Paris on July 30 that Prince Carol, son of the late King Ferdinand of Rumania, whose son has been proclaimed King, had said, in a proclamation sent by him to the Rumanian nation, that he renounced the succession only by force, and that he now claimed that, as a Rumanian and a father, he had the right to intervene personally.—Captain Barnard was an extremely experienced pilot. He had the Air Force Cross and the M.B.E. During the war, he served in the Royal Air

Force, and he was one of the first pilots to take up civil flying.—Scotsmen in America have subscribed for the memorial to Scottish soldiers which is illustrated on this page and will be unveiled at Edinburgh next month. It is the work of Dr. Tait McKenzie, a Canadian Scot. On the pedestal of the figure is "1914. America to Scotland."—Sir Harry Johnston was far more than an ordinary traveller, for he was not only a pioneer explorer, but a first-rate administrator. He wrote much, and, apart from those books dealing with his life's work, he wrote what may be called sequels to "Dombey and Son," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession."—The portrait of the Duke of York by Mr. Joseph Simpson was presented to the Duke by Messrs. Saward, Baker and Co.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NOTABLE EVENTS



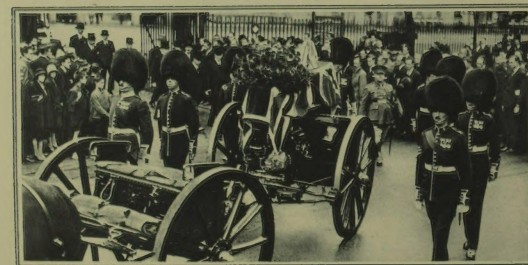
THE ROYAL CALPE HUNT, NEAR GIBRALTAR, RECENTLY SAVED FROM EXTINCTION BY SUBSCRIBERS HEADED BY THE KING AND THE KING OF SPAIN: THE LATE MASTER (THE MARQUÉS DE MARZALES) WITH THE HUNTSMEN AND THE PACK AT A MEET NEAR ALGECIRAS.



CHAIRING THE WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP IN THE ROYAL AERO CLUB AIR MEETING AT NOTTINGHAM: MR. W. LAWRENCE HOPE AFTER HIS VICTORY.



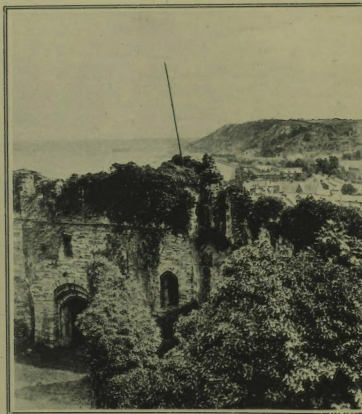
AN EXACT REPLICA IN SILVER OF EDINBURGH CASTLE, INCLUDING THE WAR MEMORIAL: THE NEW TROPHY FOR ARTISAN GOLFERS OF EAST LOTHIAN.



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL DYER, THE SUPPRESSOR OF THE AMRITSAR REBELLION IN INDIA: THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE COFFIN LEAVING WELLINGTON BARRACKS.



THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI CELEBRATED AT VENICE: THE ROYAL BARGE, BEARING A RELIC OF THE SAINT, IN PROCESSION ON THE GRAND CANAL—SHOWING THE RIALTO (IN RIGHT BACKGROUND).



HISTORIC RUINS PRESENTED TO THE TOWN OF SWANSEA BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT: OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE, WITH MUMBLES HEAD BEYOND.

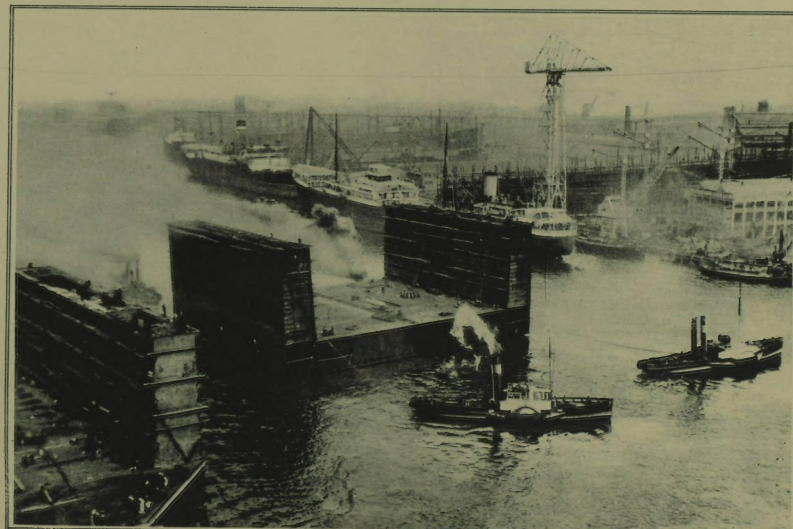
The Royal Calpe Hunt is a historic pack of foxhounds founded by some of Wellington's officers in Spain during the Peninsular War. Its kennels are close to Gibraltar, and it affords welcome sport to British officers quartered there. It assumed the designation "Royal" in 1906, when King Edward and the King of Spain became its patrons. Lately the hunt suffered from lack of funds, and was in danger of extinction, but it has been preserved by a number of subscribers, including the King, the King of Spain, the Prince of Wales and his brothers, and Viscount Lascelles. The hunt has Spanish and English members, and has long formed a bond of friendship between men of the two nations. The Marqués de Marzales, who recently resigned the Mastership, proved an excellent M.F.H.—The race for the King's Cup, over a course of 540 miles, at the Nottingham meeting of the Royal Aero Club, was won on July 30 by Mr. W. Lawrence Hope, flying a Moth with the earlier type of Cirrus engine. His time was 5 hours 50 min. 14 sec., and average speed 928 m.p.h. His machine had already

AND INTERESTING SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE SKY DARKENED WITH SEAGULLS ATTRACTED BY FISH: HUNDREDS OF BIRDS SWARMING ROUND A GROUP OF CORNISH FISHERMEN PREPARING THEIR CATCH FOR SALE ON THE BEACH AT ST. IVES.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT FLOATING DOCK FOR THE NEW NAVAL BASE AT SINGAPORE: THE THIRD SECTION, LAUNCHED RECENTLY ON THE TYE AT WALLSEND, BEING TOWED ALONGSIDE ANOTHER SECTION PREVIOUSLY COMPLETED.



done over 75,000 miles in two years.—The Esmond Trophy, to be played for annually among artisan golfers of East Lothian, over the North Berwick links, has been presented by Mr. E. Esmond, the Anglo-French racehorse owner, whose daughter, Miss Diana Esmond, holds the Girls' Golf Championship. The trophy, which is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, is an exact replica in silver of Edinburgh Castle, even to the national War Memorial. It took a year to make.—The funeral service for the late Brig.-General R. E. H. Dyer, whose strong action at Amritsar broke the Punjab rising of 1919, took place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on July 28. The coffin was brought on a gun-carriage from Wellington Barracks, with N.C.O.'s of the Irish Guards as bearers, and followed by a detachment of the 25th Batt. London Regiment, which served with General Dyer at Amritsar. The cremation took place at Golders Green.—The celebrations in Italy of the seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi concluded recently at Venice, with a picturesque procession on the Grand Canal. The Patriarch of Venice was on board the royal barge.—Oystermouth Castle, which has been given to Swansea by the Duke of Beaufort, dates from the twelfth century.—The third section of the great floating dock for Singapore was recently launched from the yards of Messrs. Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson.

The Imp and the Artist: A Book of Bitterness.

"THE LIFE OF TIM HEALY." By LIAM O'FLAHERTY.*

MR. Liam O'Flaherty, modestly describing himself as "the most unpopular man in Ireland," has written a book of bitterness. Prefacing his "Life of Tim Healy," he is polite in the ironic oriental manner. His work is "trifling," "inconsistent," "this miserable narrative"; not, in fact, his own, but that of an imp in possession, a devilishly merry imp, "as changeable as a weather-cock in an uncertain wind," "an extremely prejudiced fellow, almost a Jesuit." This while alluding to the revengeful "Life of Liam O'Flaherty" which His Excellency Timothy Healy, Governor-General of the Irish Free State, has threatened humorously as a future publication from "Uncle Tim's Cabin"; and while pleading: "I realised that if I were to escape with my life from the critics, who would be sure to compare the two lives, I must as closely as possible copy the methods in which His Excellency's life of me would be sure to be written. In order to do this, I had to make a radical change in my previous methods of writing. I had to approach my material with a certain childish abandonment, respect nothing, and irritate wherever possible. I have done so. . . . All classes of human beings are of equal interest to me as an artist, but here I find an odious discrimination made as between various classes. As an artist I believe that standards of justice, of right and wrong, of good and evil, merely serve as social scales, in which goods for sale are judged; constantly changing with the nature and condition of the articles offered for sale and the conditions under which they are purchased. But the author of this book very impudently measures every human act as if he carried about him, on his person, a large series of gods and all of them infallible. I say, dear readers, in abject self-defence, that every word in this book must be taken with a grain of salt. . . ."

The same note is evident throughout. There are few sentences that are not "writ sarcastic," but many are written with understanding. The politics of the Imp are partisan, provocative, personal; but behind what Sir Alfred Robbins once called "acrid antagonism" there is the Artist's sense of an enemy's point of view.

O'Flaherty realises well enough why Mr. Healy became the ardent Nationalist. The Bantry boy was born when memories of the Great Famine were fresh, when the terrible results of the failure of that "precarious exotic," that "demoralising esculent," the easily grown potato, were still discussed in hushed hatred and Landlordism was the most Satanic of all sins. "The famine came. Bantry, with a population of forty-five hundred human beings, suffered more than any other town in the South of Ireland, except perhaps Skibbereen. . . . This rugged land had more people than it could support on a barbarian economy of scraping the soil with a spade and planting potatoes in it. Divine Providence, which directs all things in accordance with the wishes of its inscrutable purpose, caused a blight to fall from Heaven.

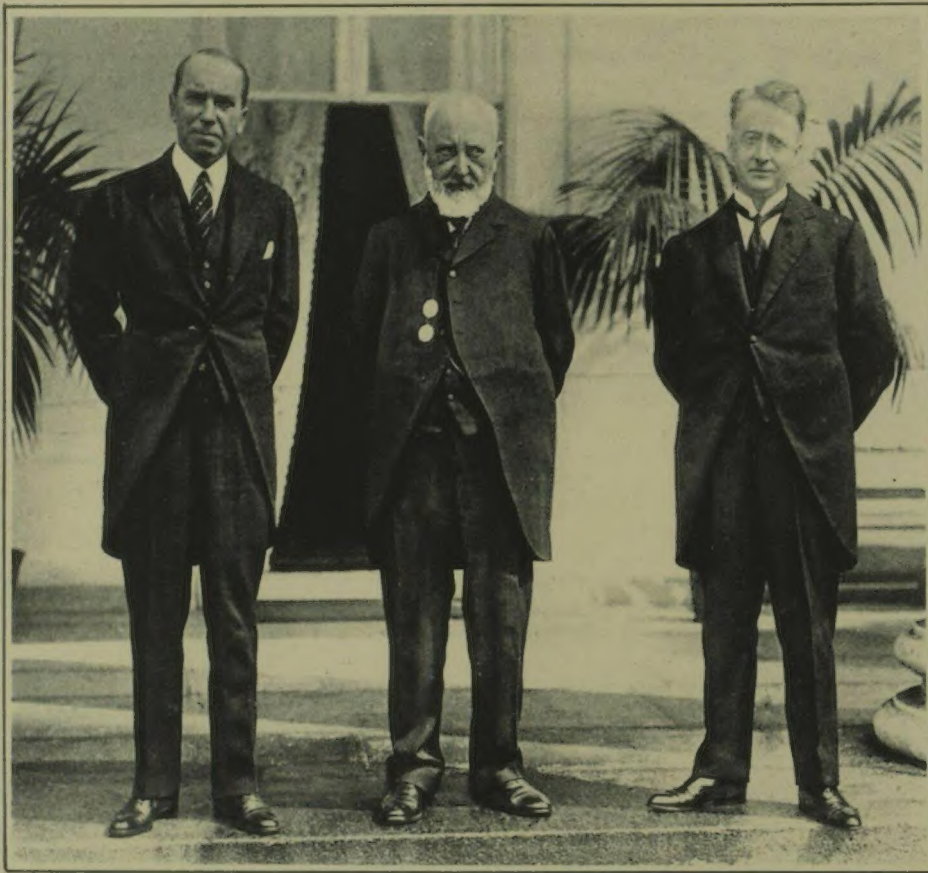
"Instead of live peasants with their produce for sale, corpses began to be carted into the town of Bantry. At the doors of hillside cabins, skeletons were to be seen, tottering, howling for food like wild animals. Even the corpses were less horrible than the living. . . . What famine had commenced soon passed into the still more destructive power of fever, cholera, and cancer; until the corpses became so numerous that they were cast like the carcasses of fever-stricken swine into a common pit, unhallowed even by the rites of the religion which they professed in their lives. A trap coffin carried each corpse to the pit. It slid its load into the hole, and then returned for another.

"Nine hundred corpses of famine victims, out of a population of forty-five hundred, were slid,

coffinless, into the famine holes outside Bantry graveyard."

What Liam—let us call the Imp, Liam—cannot understand is how Tim Healy became His Excellency Timothy Healy, Governor-General of the Irish Free State. " . . . Although I have carefully examined his political career, I am still as puzzled as ever," he says. "I have not got the remotest explanation to offer the public of his having been chosen as Governor-General. It remains, at least to me, an unsolved problem, often to be met with in Irish politics, like the overthrow of Parnell; or, indeed, the battle of Ballinahinch, where the Ulster Presbyterian rebels, having defeated the English, fled as a consequence of their victory, thinking flight was the proper tactic to adopt under such circumstances." And when he attacks the Imp thrusts with a buttonless *épée*.

Thus Liam and O'Flaherty between them—



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE WITH THE PRESIDENT AND THE FIRST UNITED STATES MINISTER IN THE FREE STATE: MR. F. A. STERLING; MR. TIMOTHY HEALY; AND MR. WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Mr. Frederick Augustine Sterling, the first United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Irish Free State, visited the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, on July 27. He was escorted from the offices of the United States Consulate-General by fifty men of the Free State Army; and a Guard of Honour was stationed at the main entrance to Viceregal Lodge.

Mr. O'Flaherty would argue Liam alone—present a volume that is at once a Life, a criticism, and a commentary.

They take "Tim" Healy from the Bantry cradle to the Viceregal Lodge resting-place, and they do not hide the trials and tribulations of the road between.

And what a road it was; a road strewn with reputations lost and lined with reputations won; a *via dolorosa* of fierce feuds, and a *via sacra* of fine friendships, a way of wretchedness and of winning-through; and, above all, a battle-ground that knew quarter for few but those deemed worth a ransom, the battle-ground on which perished Charles Stewart Parnell.

Parnell—Parnell and Healy are the outstanding figures of the Life. At the end, the Governor-General is dismissed caustically with: "Ireland is entering Europe at a mighty pace, and she is leaving behind a great number of the fetishes that have retarded her career in the past. And when such things are happening, it would be foolish for the Irish people to refuse at least a little credit to His Excellency the Governor-General. Even if His Excellency is put among the baggage and the loot in the next stage of the advance, it would be unwise to maltreat him or to treat him with contumely. The writer of this narrative is opposed to His Excellency on almost every conceivable subject that can interest an Irishman, religion, politics, ethics, sociology, and culture.

But all sorts of individuals and opinions are required to build a stable and successful human society. And I claim that the future generations will give to His Excellency the credit that is undoubtedly due to him."

But Parnell—! "In 1875, Charles Stewart Parnell, an Irish-American who had been born in Ireland and educated in England, was elected for Meath. A few years later he assumed control of the Home Rule movement and the Irish had a statesman of genius to lead them for the first, and perhaps the last, time in their history as a nation.

"Indeed, had our land of Ireland never done aught else for the progress of humanity than giving birth to this man, we would still deserve a high place in the history of the human race. For Nature did not use one single drop of tainted blood to fill this great man's veins. And it is a source of great pride to us that we recognised him as soon as he appeared and hailed him as a genius, thrusting aside the mountebanks that stood between us and him. Within five years of his appearance on a public platform we paid him as great a homage as the Russian people to-day pay to the memory of Lenin. The power of this man's personality burst through the walls of prejudice that bound our minds, making priests, peasants, workmen, land-owners, Catholics, Orangemen, and all the sects and classes that inhabited the country bow down before him. Even those that execrated him feared his probity. Those that hated him, hated in him only the presence of those virtues which were smothered in their souls by corrupt ideas and avarice. Priests disobeyed their bishops and followed him. Peasants, despairing of the future, brutalised by poverty and oppression, saw in him an avenging spirit and they raised a cry of joy. He came to us as a great proof that vice, hatred, and corruption, meanness and jealousy can always be conquered in the human soul by the spectacle of a great beauty which transcends the boundaries of all religions and races."

This of the leader of whom Healy said: "I say that the necessities of Ireland are paramount. I say to Mr. Parnell, his power is gone. He derived that power from the people. We are the representatives of the people. Place an iron bar in a coil and electrize that coil and the iron bar becomes magnetic. This party was that electric action. There (pointing to Parnell) stood the iron bar. The electricity is gone and the magnetism with it, when our support has passed away." And was there not the Pastoral containing the words: "Parnellism, like Paganism, impedes, obstructs and cripples the efficiency, and blights the fruitfulness of the teaching of the Gospel. . . . The dying Parnellite will hardly dare to face the justice of his Creator!"

From which may be judged the tenour of the Liam O'Flaherty book, a tenour emphasised also by such dicta as "Are all politicians rogues? Undoubtedly not. But in a garden crowded with weeds it is difficult to see a flower"; and "The good politician (measuring politics by its own standards of good and evil, which are expediency and non-expediency) has no political convictions. He merely follows the wishes of the mass of the community at a safe distance, sifting carefully the cries of the mob and mouthing that which his canny brain has determined to be for the moment practicable and expedient. This man is a good political servant of the community. The bad politician (or idealist) is a bad servant of the community. Because he is a teacher; and even though butlers are allowed a certain latitude in old families, it is nevertheless bad taste for a servant to give advice."

It is not necessary to say more or to quote more. "The Life of Tim Healy" is eloquent enough to speak for itself—especially when the voice is the voice of Liam but the hand is the hand of O'Flaherty. It will infuriate some; pin-prick more; interest most.

E. H. G.

* "The Life of Tim Healy." By Liam O'Flaherty. (Jonathan Cape; 12s. 6d. net.)

A WAIF AND STRAY OF TANGANYIKA: "THE LOST CHILD."



WANDERING FROM MOTHER AND FULL OF CURIOSITY: A YOUNG ELEPHANT "CAUGHT" IN THE OPEN WHEN FEEDING.

The taker of this very interesting photograph of wild life writes: "The picture shows a young elephant 'caught' in the open when feeding. He had strayed from Mother, and was full of curiosity concerning the photographer. The mutual interest was amusing. One of the parties concerned would advance a few yards and stop; then the other would advance and stop; and so it went on until the

snapshotter could stand it no longer, took the photograph, and fled! A second later, the 'victim's' nerves also gave, and he ran back, presumably to his mother, and, incidentally, disclosed the humiliating fact that he had no tail!" The ivory industry, by the way, which once held pride of place, declined remarkably under the German Government's administration, thanks to the adoption of laws protecting game.

BIG GAME IN THEIR NATURAL HAUNTS: ELEPHANTS AND HIPPOPOTAMUSES AT HOME IN TANGANYIKA.

A FAMILY SCENE
IN TANGANYIKA:
COW-ELEPHANTS
AND THEIR
YOUNGSTERS
ENJOYING A
MEAL AMIDST
SURROUNDINGS
MADE BEAUTIFUL
BY TREES WHOSE
FLOWERS ARE
LIKE
PEACH-BLOSSOMS.

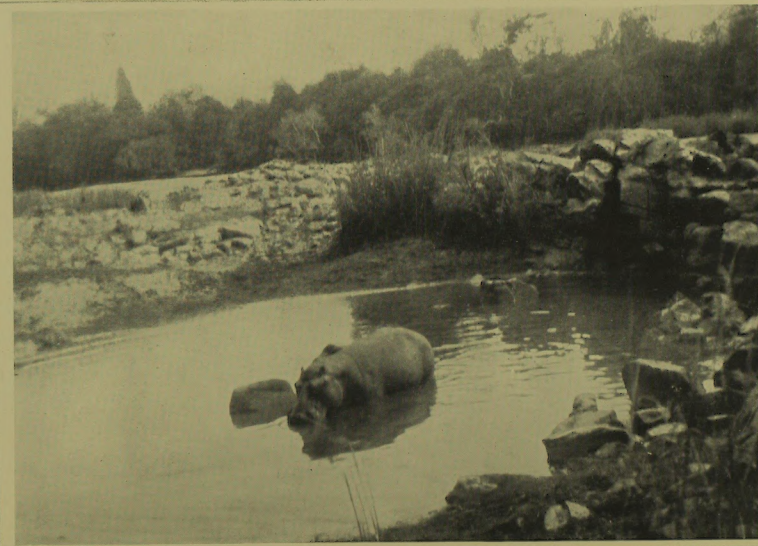


ON THE ALERT
AND POSING
UNCONSCIOUSLY
FOR ITS
PHOTOGRAPH:
A HIPPOPOTAMUS
SNAPSHOTTED ON
THE BANKS OF
THE RIVER
RUAHA, CHIEF
TRIBUTARY OF
THE RUFUYI, IN
TANGANYIKA.



BEFORE THE
CHARGE:
A BIG COW-
ELEPHANT, IN
THICK BUSH,
NEAR HOT
SULPHUR SPRINGS,
BEFORE SHE
GAVE CHASE IN
SUCH EARNEST
THAT THE
EXPLORERS HAD
TO FLEE.

A "WILD-TAME"
RIVER-HORSE
AT HOME:
A HIPPOPOTAMUS
"CAUGHT
NAPPING" IN THE
RUAHA RIVER—
A LUCKY
SNAPSHOT AT
THE RESERVED
WATERS.



Tanganyika, late German East Africa, a part of the British Mandated Territories in Africa, is of particular interest to those who like to see big game in their natural habitat: to this the photographs here given, and those on other pages, bear eloquent witness. The great Ruaha River, it should be added, flows through the Usungu depression, a region which suffers from drought in the dry season and from inundation during the rains; a district whose southern parts

consist of open grass plains, and in whose north there is open forest alternating with stretches of bush. The Ruaha, chief tributary of the Rufuyi, is navigable by large canoes at least as far as Kidatu. With regard to the photograph of the hippopotamus "caught napping," the photographer writes: "These hippo were 'wild-tame.' Very few people ever walk by this river, which, anyway, is reserved, and the hippo would gather round in dozens to look at the photographer."

"WILLING TO WOUND, AND YET AFRAID TO STRIKE": THE ATTACK.



CHARGING THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A HIPPOPOTAMUS REGISTERING HATE IN THE RUAHA RIVER, BUT NOT PLUCKY ENOUGH TO LAND.

As the photograph shows well, the hippopotamus charged the photographer with considerable energy, but his courage was not quite strong enough to allow him to land in face of the enemy. The photographer describes the hippopotamuses encountered on the Ruaha River as "wild-tame"; and they are distinctly

curious, keeping their heads high in the water in order to get a good look at strangers on the banks. The river is reserved; and the preservation of the hippopotamuses, it is recorded, does not encourage natives to settle in the immediate neighbourhood!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE WINE-BOTTLE: CURIOUS "CONTAINERS."

¹
THERE could be no more appropriate place for an interesting collection of containers for wine and vessels from which their contents are consumed than the Wine Trade Club, in Lloyds Avenue, E.C.3. This club, founded in 1908, has a two-fold purpose. While it affords a congenial meeting-place for the members of the wine trade from all parts of the world, it is able to fulfil the functions of a technical institute by means of evening classes, lectures, and trips to different wine-growing districts

(Continued in Box 2.)



THE EVOLUTION OF THE WINE-BOTTLE: (L. TO R.) A 15TH-CENTURY LEATHER BOTTLE; A LATE 17TH-CENTURY BOTTLE; A BOTTLE OF CIRCA 1750; AN ALL SOULS' COMMON ROOM BOTTLE, 1800; THE BRISTOL BOTTLE, 1835; A MODERN BOTTLE.



A CORDIAL-BOTTLE IN THE HANDS OF MR. BARNETT-SMITH (L.); AND MR. ARTHUR BOURKE, HON. SEC. OF THE WINE TRADE CLUB, WITH A LEATHER BOTTLE.



A POCKET HOLLANDS FLASK, THE CLUB'S SMALLEST BOTTLE; AND A CORDIAL-CONTAINER, THE LARGEST.



A PERUVIAN WHISTLING BOTTLE, WHICH CAN BE BLOWN UPON WHEN EMPTY.

²
in Europe. Some of the more curious of its "exhibits" are illustrated on this page. Taking the earliest first, there is shown a Roman wine-jug in earthenware. This was unearthed during the building of Southwark Bridge. Then there are Peruvian vessels, including the whistling bottle the steward of the Club is seen blowing. When the contents of this have been absorbed, the drinker can blow for more, and the whistle which

(Continued in Box 3.)



A BOTTLE AND GLASS AS THEY EMERGED FROM THE JAMAICA EARTHQUAKE.



A ROMAN WINE-JUG IN EARTHENWARE; UNEARTHED DURING THE BUILDING OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

A PERUVIAN VESSEL WHICH IS ONE OF THE MORE CURIOUS EXHIBITS OF THE WINE TRADE CLUB.



A SADDLE BOTTLE; SHOWING THE HANDLE FOR ATTACHMENT TO THE SADDLE-FLAP.



A PERUVIAN VESSEL—ANOTHER OF THE WINE TRADE CLUB'S CURIOUS WINE-CONTAINERS.

results strikes a high, piercing note! The saddle bottle has a handle for attachment to the saddle-flap. The vessel's well-rubbed sides testify to its carriage over many miles by horsemen who preferred to take their liquid refreshment with them rather than leave the quenching of their thirst to chance. In one photograph, Mr. Barnett-Smith is examining a large cordial-bottle which was used for home-made wine, and with him is Mr. Arthur Bourke, the honorary secretary of the club, considering a problem which confronted many a fifteenth-century wine-lover—whether or not it is wise to put new wine into

(Continued below.)



CORDIAL-BOTTLES: VESSELS SHOWING A FRIVOLITY WHICH COULD NOT BE COUNTENANCED WHEN WINE PROPER WAS UNDER CONSIDERATION.

Continued.]
an old leather bottle! The smallest bottle in the collection—a pocket Hollands flask—is shown with the largest—a cordial-container, a sort of reservoir from which supplies were taken as required. In the pictures at the top of the page it is possible to trace the gradual evolution of the practice of "binning" wine in bottles. As the value of laying down the wine became appreciated, so the shape of the bottle changed from the squat to the elongated, until the bottle of to-day was evolved. The practice of laying down wine is comparatively recent. In days

gone by, wine was drunk as soon as it was made, in the same way as "vinho verde" is used in Portugal to-day. The pictures of cordial-bottles at the foot of the page show a frivolity which cannot be countenanced when wine proper is under consideration! These quaint examples of the art of the potter were intended for the buyer of "cordials," whose palate, we may assume, was of a less tender "genre" than that of the lover of the good wines of Portugal and France, of Italy and Spain.—HUGH BOLTON.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

PINTS AND QUARTS.—NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

THIS very week I had a curious experience. I saw for the second time a play—it shall be nameless, for I would not harm it—which, at the *première*, interested me from start to finish. It was



IN THE NEW AMERICAN MUSICAL COMEDY AT DALY'S THEATRE: MISS DOROTHY DICKSON IN "PEGGY-ANN."

a play of small compass, of humble folk in humdrum surroundings, and the performance took place in a tiny theatre holding not more than 400 people, with a stage that formed a perfect frame to this miniature of life. Anon, the merits of the play prompted enterprising managers to transfer it to the centre of London; and, probably for want of a better opportunity, it was re-produced in a large house with a vast expanse of stalls and pit, and three large tiers above. The stage of that theatre, too, is big and eminently suited to display. As soon as the curtain rose I felt that the *milieu* was dwarfed by the shell. The little sitting-room had grown beyond proportion of reality; the people had to make strides, when, on the smaller stage, they could traverse space in gentle steps; they reminded me of the stray visitors whom one meets in the gigantic halls of the too much neglected Imperial Institute—of bits of cork floating on the ocean! The intimacy of the little drama had gone, and somehow the actors, most of them accustomed to the smaller house, had not yet realised that their voices should have been attuned to the changed surroundings. The result was that often, even in the stalls, we heard little more than inarticulate sounds and mumbling, and that many lines which had scintillated in the small frame now lost their glamour or—in pathetic moments—the touch of feeling. The final impression was that the vitality of the play had evaporated and that it was destined to be short-lived; whereas if a theatre of the right proportions—say the Little or the Fortune—had been chosen, it would have appealed to the average playgoer, as "Distinguished Villa" did when frame and canvas were in perfect harmony.

It is an interesting study, and one far too rarely practised, this observation of focus. And, as memory looks backward, it finds many instances where plays have suffered because space, in the wider or narrower sense, changed the nature of the play. It is the old story of the pint and the quart. Plays of little dimensions suffer when the stage is too large, or cannot be properly encased, lest the upper circle lose the view (was not one of Hartley Manners's comedies, in 1918, "booed" and stopped midway because the gallery saw nothing of the picture, which had been "boarded in"?). On the other hand, plays that demand length and breadth and, as it were, a wide outlook, have

failed to achieve the desired effect because the action and the actors were so cramped in space that the picture became a scramble instead of convincing—as the term goes. Of course, it is often a case of sheer necessity to cut the coat according to the cloth, but from an artistic point of view this question of space is far more important than is generally admitted or considered. It affects the fate of many plays, and the instance which I have quoted should be of far-reaching value—unfortunately dearly bought—to managers when they contemplate the transfer of a successful play from the little theatres in and near London to the West End houses, and *vice versa*.

First-night criticism is very much under discussion just now. Some managers would like opinion deferred till the play has settled down—say four or five days after the *première*. Some critics would like it also, for various reasons. To write hot-foot after a performance, with the printer's devil behind one grasping the sheet from the pen, with half an hour to pass fair and thorough judgment on a play, lest "copy" be late for the first edition, is almost a superhuman, certainly a nerve-racking, task. And some critics have not even time to go to the office after the performance: they have to write their review on their knees in the *entr'acte*, a boy lying



"PEGGY-ANN," AT DALY'S: MR. NAT LEWIS AS OFFICER JONES, AND MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH AS ALICE FROST.

in wait to carry away the "stuff"; anything happening in the last act, reception, and speeches to be telephoned! How can one expect perfect criticism under such conditions? But the editors of the dailies will have it so. They look upon a play as "news," and therefore there is a constant scramble not to miss being first in the field. Thus the life of the morning paper's critic is not a happy one, and it is not to be wondered at that he looks with a certain envy on his colleagues of the evening paper, who have at least a night to "sleep on it," and of the weeklies, who have time to ponder and leisurely to bring their acumen to bear on the merits of the play and players.

Yet there is a faint prospect that the order of things may change, or, rather, revert to the old system of the French Press. In Paris some important dailies, like the *Temps*, still adhere to the excellent plan of dividing the work of criticism into "news" and "feuilleton." The "news" next morning is a rapid survey of the general effect of the play, and is usually written by the *courrieriste*—the paragraphist over here—who is in charge of all the happenings in

the World of the Theatre. The "feuilleton" on a fixed day brings a thorough review of the plays of the week in elaborate analyses, in accordance with the importance of the subject. The same system prevails in nearly all Continental countries, and it may safely be said that it is the reason why abroad the critic enjoys far greater consideration in the literary world, as well as among the general public, than in England. To the "feuilleton" the great critics of France, to mention but one country, owe such world-wide fame as perpetuated the names of Sarcey and Jules Lemaitre.

Now recently one of the great papers, the *Daily News*, has inaugurated an experiment which seems highly commendable. It is, in principle, the old Continental form in a somewhat modified application. My colleague and friend Mr. A. E. Baughan, after the first night, comprises his general impression of the *première* in a few graphic lines, which in a nutshell convey to the reader the points considered as news—a few words about the character of the play, a few words about the actors, a few words about the attitude of the public at the final fall of the curtain. Then, the day after, if the play be worth it, the critic passes reasoned judgment. He has been able to hold the scales in quietude, reflection, and consideration. It is not for me to speak of the work of my confrère—I merely deal with the system—but it seems admirable, and in the long run will prove of great advantage to authors and actors alike. Whether it will become general, and thereby undoubtedly raise the standard of criticism, depends on the *esprit de corps* of the editors, and the *vox populi*. If the latter could only be heard, if the average reader of great newspapers I could name would only appeal for less shadowy and necessarily superficial "notices," the question of first-night criticism would solve itself. I am all for new lamps in every sphere of life; but hurry-scurry is the natural enemy of sound appreciation, and I feel sure that dramatic criticism which is not merely a smattering of quickly jotted-down opinions (often ruthlessly curtailed by the news-editor's blue pencil), but a penetrating and interesting essay, will, in the end, add to the circulation of the paper. For some editors forget that in these days half the conversation over tea and dinner-tables in society is upon the theatre—that it is a far more important factor than the "Fracas in a West-End Flat" to which a column is liberally



"PEGGY-ANN," AT DALY'S: MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH AS ALICE FROST.

given; whereas the poor theatre has to be content with a scant paragraph often so mutilated that, in the words of a well-known critic, "I do not know my own child in the morning."

IN LITTLE-KNOWN BHUTAN: THE NEW RULER AND HIS INSTALLATION.

ARTICLE BY DR. J. A. GRAHAM, C.I.E.

THE Maharajah of Bhutan is the unlimited monarch of about 20,000 square miles of territory in the North Eastern Himalayas, and for many hundreds of miles his kingdom marches with Bengal and Assam. On the north and on the east his neighbour is Tibet. The late Maharajah died on March 22, 1926, and it was for the installation of his eldest son as his successor that Colonel Bailey, the Political Officer for Sikkim, Tibet, and Bhutan, proceeded to Punakha, the summer capital of Bhutan, at the end of February. Our entry into Punakha on March 11 was a wonderful experience. The night before, we had encamped at Lometsawa, at the head of a valley leading down towards the capital, almost ten miles off. For days we had tokens of hearty welcome and touches of charming hospitality in the baskets of fruit and messages sent out by the Maharajah and the Dharma Rajah. Behind two

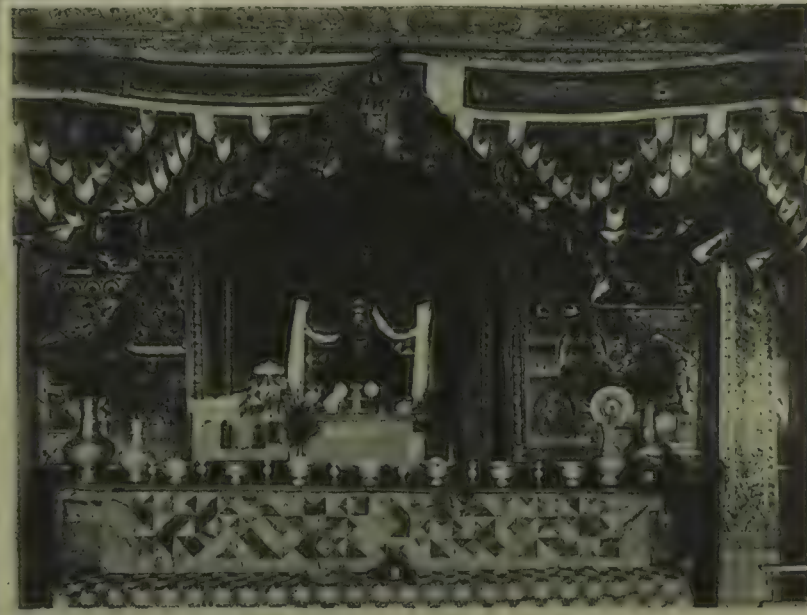
(Continued opposite.)

SURROUNDED BY "PRAYER-FLAGS" LIKE A PALISADE: THE VISITORS' CAMP AT PUNAKHA, THE CAPITAL OF BHUTAN, PROVIDED ON THE OCCASION OF THE NEW MAHARAJAH'S INSTALLATION.

dancers sent by the Maharajah rode Colonel and Mrs. Bailey and the other visitors, and the colour effect was heightened by the gay colours of the mules' trappings and the red and green uniforms of the syces and chaprassis. And behind came the Frontier Force Rifles and a string of camp followers: all this in a most glorious natural setting. On the brow of the last turn before we came in sight of Punakha Castle were lined up a number of the Maharajah's soldiers. Colonel Bailey inspected and commended the brilliant line, and then came the final thrill. As we rounded the corner with the combined bands and the troops in blazing silks in front and the dusky line of Sikh soldiers clad in khaki in our rear, the great mediæval Punakha Jong burst into view, set for strength and safety on a tongue of land at the junction of two rivers, with its massive dominating central keep. Down,

(Continued below.)

AT THE OLD SUMMER CAPITAL OF BHUTAN: THE TOP OF THE CENTRAL KEEP OF THE GREAT JONG (CASTLE) OF TASHICHUJONG, WITH ITS PICTURESQUE ROOF AND WINDOWS.



THE SPIRITUAL RULER OF BHUTAN, "IN THEORY A DUAL MONARCHY": THE DHARMA (RELIGIOUS) RAJAH, A "REINCARNATION" OF AN ANCIENT PRIEST, AT HIS ALTAR.



THE NEW MAHARAJAH OF BHUTAN: "A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS IT IN HIM TO LEAD BHUTAN ON THE WAY TOWARDS THE REALISATION OF A NOBLE FUTURE."

(Continued.)

down we went, riding under the arches of the big approach building, past the castle to the extensive visitors' camp, where the Maharajah was waiting to receive us. Huge crowds (for Punakha) lined the road. On dismounting we walked along a carpeted path to salute the Maharajah, who stood to receive us with his brothers and other close relations. We followed the pretty Bhutanese custom of presenting to them scarves and receiving others in return. A more private reception followed in the central house of the camp, built for the Political Officer, where his Highness gave us the usual light refreshments. Thereafter he took luncheon with Colonel and Mrs. Bailey, and before the meal was ended the official ice was broken and we were all one happy family. The Installation Ceremony took place on March 14. At 8 a.m. there was an interesting and significant private function. Bhutan is in

(Continued below.)

THE PARO PENLOP: THE CHIEFTAIN OF WESTERN BHUTAN—ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FEUDAL LORDS OF THE COUNTRY—IN HIS PICTURESQUE ATTIRE.

(Continued.)

theory a dual monarchy, temporal and spiritual, and there is a "Dharma" (religious) Rajah as well as the political head. The present Dharma Rajah, a young man of twenty-four named the Shabdung Rimpochi, is, too, a hereditary ruler. He and all who hold his office are supposed reincarnations of the first Shabdung Rimpochi, who lived hundreds of years ago and was the founder of the Lamaistic religion in Bhutan. The Maharajah went to give his recognition to the spiritual ruler. We followed to a room with an altar in it, but he went on alone into an inner room, and when he came back to the outer room he was wearing

the scarf of his royal state. When the Maharajah and the Shabdung re-emerged, they went in procession to the large hall for the public ceremony. On the raised dais behind an extemporised altar sat the Maharajah and the Shabdung Rimpochi, with Colonel Bailey on the Maharajah's right. The European guests had seats at right angles to the dais, and opposite to them were important lamas. The space between was left free for the offering of homage by the chief people and the presentation of gifts. These, indeed, were the main items of the function. The Maharajah was invested with the C.I.E.

THE PRINCE AS RANCHER: THE E.P.

During his stay in Canada, the Prince of Wales will pay a visit to his Alberta Ranch, the E.P., and in the official programme of his visit there is the significant note: "Aug. 7th (Sunday): Service

Man and the buffalo both departed—the one to the numerous Government reserves set aside for the conquered race, and the other to an almost forgotten limbo, where only an occasional whitened skull, turned up by the plough-share, remains to tell the story of those once countless herds. And Pekisko, once a gathering post on the creek of the same name for buffalo-hunting tribes, became a post-office, with a name in the Government directory, with a postmaster to hand out the infrequent mail to wild-riding cow-boys from the ranches, and with a well-stocked store of such goods as the exigencies of frontier life demanded.

The E.P. ranch, otherwise the royal ranch, is but a small property as Western ranches go. Strictly speaking, it is not so much a ranch as a breeding place for pure-bred stock. It is watered by the middle fork of the Highwood River, twenty-six miles south-west of High River. The journey to the ranch, for the purpose of gathering the photographs and material for this story, we made by automobile from High River. "It's a good-road, but the cricks is hard to cross," said the natives, meaning thereby that Pekisko creek which threads its pebbly way

temporary host. "He saw all the Indian collection and stayed for quite a while; then trotted back to the ranch."

Soon we found the "cricks." The first, a mere mud-hole, we crossed easily. The second we negotiated after much inward quaking, but in the third we stuck. Three or four miles, and we hit the same "crick" where it flowed across the road. This time we got through safely, though it is but fair to the creek to add that we stuck badly on the return journey, and had once more to be pulled forth with a team. Greeted by Professor Carlyle, we went through the ranch house.

"How did the Prince come to buy this ranch?" we asked the Professor, and the reply seems somehow typical of the Prince himself. It appears that during the 1919 visit, the Prince, after assisting in a cattle round-up, said he wished to walk through the foot-hills and try a shot at partridge and ducks. He refused a light shooting-cart, and set off over the hills with Professor Carlyle. Birds there were a-plenty, but the Prince's right hand was so sore from much hand-shaking that he could not handle his trigger!

But he walked and walked, and at last, on a hill-top, where he could see the glorious panorama of the foot-hills unfolding itself in all the purple beauty of late afternoon sun, he said, "This reminds me greatly of the Balmoral estate. I would like nothing better than to become a rancher."

"Why not buy the old Bedingfield place?" asked Professor Carlyle, more in jest than in earnest. The Prince asked a hundred questions, held his tongue as to his intentions, and, inside of a month, through the intermediacy of George Lane, he was a Western ranchman.

The old ranch was very quickly modernised for the Prince. There is now comfort, but not luxury; indeed, the whole keynote of the ranch is simplicity—an evident desire to make the property not a show place, but a real holiday place for its royal owner, with the added ability to raise stock that is already improving Western blood, and, incidentally, enabling the ranch to be self-supporting.

The Prince's visit this year will be informal. It may be, however, that there will be a sort of real Western ranchman's house-warming. If so, the countryside will gather at the ranch, bringing with them picnic baskets of food. Tea and coffee will be served from the ranch-house, and the Prince will act as host, giving a real western "howdy" to the people who will be his visitors and neighbours.

And here's a real Western message to the rancher Prince. Alberta is proud to have him among its people, not alone because he is a Prince and the Empire's future King, but because the West realises, as the West always can realise, that in their

rancher Prince they have a real prince of good fellows, who is respected for his manly qualities as much as for the incident of royal birth.



BEAUTIES OF THE PRINCE'S RANCH: OLD TREES ON THE E.P.

at Toronto Cathedral; visit to Niagara Falls; leave for Banff. From this point the Prince of Wales has no further official engagements." His Royal Highness will thus be able to judge the improvements that have been made in his Canadian property, which is now showing some return for the cash spent in its stocking and development. The ranch, which covers some 2200 acres, has some of the finest pedigree cattle in the Dominion, and it is regarded as of first-rate importance as a factor in bettering the stock of the country. The article given below is by a well-known Canadian journalist who visited the E.P.

"RANCH life is the life for me. I'm coming back to the Bar U ranch some day." It was in September 1919 that the Prince of Wales, during his visit to Western Canada, and while staying as a guest of the veteran rancher, George Lane, on the big sixty-thousand-acre ranch west of High River, made this statement; and exactly four weeks later it was reported that he had purchased the old Bedingfield ranch property, lying next to the Bar U ranch, and that there would be added to his addresses, E.P. Ranch, Pekisko Post Office, Alberta!

Pekisko sounds truly Western, and reminiscent of the days when the wandering buffalo shared the range with the Cree, the Stony, and the Blackfoot Indian. Long before the white man set foot in the luscious wild-grass growth that waved in the cool breeze from the near-by Rockies, the Indian knew this country as one unequalled for the buffalo hunt, as it was for other wild animal life.

Here, to the marge of ice-fed streams that wound like a silver ribbon through the green prairie, crept the grizzly and the black bear from the tree-crowned slopes of the foot-hills. A dozen species of timid deer and fleet-footed antelope sought the cool waters; the coyote and the timber wolf, the beaver and the badger, the big-horn sheep from the high ranges, all knew the lure of the deep-worn trails to the water-courses, and, overhead, the golden eagle, the bald-headed eagle, the white and brown owls, with lesser birds galore, swung through long summer days in a sky of azure blue.

Game birds a-plenty flitted from covert to covert. The little brown partridge and the prairie chicken flew up in whirling clouds from the hoof-beat of the Indian cayuse pony, while the blue lakes harboured thousands of wild duck which fed and prospered on the wonderful growth of wild berry—fruit more luscious than ever cultivated garden knew—and on the great variety of vegetable life that flowed, in undulating waves of greens and browns, to the great pines of the foot-hill slopes and beyond.

Then the white man came, with his herds of cattle and horses. The sheep-man followed, and, later, the homesteader. The far-flung miles of open prairie felt the leash of the barbed-wire fence, as the Red



WHEN HE FIRST BOUGHT HIS RANCH IN ALBERTA: THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE E.P.

between the two ranches, might prove difficult. It did, but of that more anon.

The road led us through miles of ripening wheat, alternated with tracts of native grasses, right to the purple slopes of the foot-hills. We stopped at the South Fork Trading Post, being raced thereto by a group of little ranch-esses on fleet horses, headed by a typical Western girl of sixteen. It was to this post that the Prince, one fine morning in September 1919, after climbing through his window at the Bar U ranch, made his appearance in running shorts, to the utter and complete astonishment of everybody at the post. "But he was just fine with us," said his



AS SEEN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS VISIT IN 1919: CHIEF BEAR-PAW AND A TYPICAL RANCH GIRL

THE PRINCE'S "LOG HOUSE" HOME: ON THE E. P. RANCH, IN ALBERTA.



IN THE PRINCE'S "LOG-HOUSE," WHICH IS AN ORDINARY BUNGALOW RANCH: A FIREPLACE IN HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S HOME ON THE E.P.; SHOWING PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND THE PRINCE.



A SIMPLE APARTMENT IN THE SIMPLE BUNGALOW RANCH: THE DINING-ROOM OF THE E.P. HOUSE.

The house on the Prince of Wales's ranch in Canada is by no means out of the ordinary; indeed, it has been described as the usual bungalow ranch. It is a log-house, but weather-board now covers its outer walls. The furnishing, as our photographs show, is simple. Save for visits from neighbouring ranchers, there is no particular social life; but a piano and gramophone help to while away the time at night. The name "E.P." derives, of course, from his Royal Highness's signature. Stock from the ranch has won quite a number of prizes in Western Canada, and this stock includes shorthorns, heavy draft-horses, race-horses, Dartmoor ponies, and Shropshire and Hampshire sheep. The E.P. is managed by Professor Carlyle, a great agricultural and stock expert. It may be added that a movement sponsored by the Board of Trade of Vancouver Island proposes to present to Prince George, who is in Canada with the Prince of Wales, a site for a ranch on Vancouver Island.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD M. DAVIS, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.



MUSIC FOR THE PRINCE: A CORNER IN THE E.P. RANCH-HOUSE LIBRARY, SHOWING THE GRAMOPHONE.



WITH A BIG STOVE MUCH IN EVIDENCE: A CORNER OF THE LIVING-ROOM IN THE E.P. RANCH.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MOST people on going for a summer holiday have to provide themselves with their own reading matter. As a rule, they buy some piffing magazines or a novel, chosen in haste at the bookstall, as they hurry to their train. In this matter I can boast that I am not as other men. I am supplied with a wealth of sound and solid literature, at no expense to myself, unless it be for a ton or two of excess luggage. I have seventeen books of travel and topography; nine works of biography or reminiscence; another nine on natural history; seven stout tomes on architecture; seven volumes of essays, criticism or philosophy; seven historical and military studies; six books on various games and sports; two on prehistoric man; one on spiritualism, and one on gardening.

This comprehensive library, which accompanied me to the shores of Devon, forms the residuum of the present year's new books still awaiting my attention. Some of them, including the poetry and architectural works, I have dealt with faithfully in the last two numbers. On my return, in a fortnight's time, doubtless a fresh pile will have accumulated. In two articles, therefore (this and the next), I ought to cover about sixty books, and it seems fairest to mention briefly as many as possible, reserving any that may be left over for some future occasion.

Only my fellow-reviewers, I feel, will be able to appreciate the advantages of my position. They can picture me at my table in a Devonshire cottage, while the restless tourist tours and the giddy tripper trips, seated at mine ease, and revelling in those seventeen books of travel and topography. What need to plod along cliff paths or scorch in a car through leafy lanes, when it has all been done for me in "UNKNOWN DEVON." By L. Du Garde Peach. Illustrated in colour and black and white by Gyrth Russell (Lane; 15s.). Why trouble to cross the border into the adjoining county when it is all delightfully described and pictured for me in "UNKNOWN DORSET." By Donald Maxwell (Lane; 15s.). The same companionable artist-author is ever ready to take me, in imagination, further afield—from Lynton to Madrid; from Tintagel to Baghdad—in his alluring "EXCURSIONS IN COLOUR" (Cassell; 18s.). It would be absurd to do it all myself; besides, I could not afford it.

I need not go roaming all over the country gaping at ancient ruins when I can sit here comfortably and study a book that is at once learned and readable—"WANDERINGS IN ANGLO-SAXON BRITAIN." By Arthur Weigall. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.). Let others speed from village to village in their "flivvers"; enough for me to peruse "TOURING ENGLAND." By Road and Byway. By Sydney R. Jones. Illustrated (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). Even when I return to town, I can spend my week-ends quietly at home (instead of gadding about) content with "JUST BEYOND LONDON." By Gordon S. Maxwell. Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.); or "LONDON'S COUNTRYSIDE." The Rural Ways Between Oxford and Canterbury; Cambridge and Guildford. By Edric Holmes. With 102 illustrations by the author (London: Robert Scott; Philadelphia, U.S.A.: Macrae Smith and Co.; 7s. 6d.).

Would I travel on the Continent? I am saved the discomforts of a Channel crossing when I have at my elbow such attractive books as "THE LURE OF NORMANDY." By Francis M. Gostling, Officier d'Académie Française. Illustrated (Mills and Boon; 5s.), telling all about William the Conqueror's country; or "FRANCE FOR THE MOTORIST." By Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S. With sixteen half-tone Plates, a sixteen-page Atlas in colours, and six Plans of Touring Areas (Cassell and the A.A.; 7s. 6d.), a handy and practical motoring guide. Would I go climbing in the Alps? No; I do not enjoy precipices. I would much rather read "RAMBLES IN HIGH SAVOY." By François Gos. With a Preface by Geoffrey Winthrop Young, and Introduction by F. Regaut, President of the French Alpine Club. Translated by Frank Kemp. With many exquisite illustrations from photographs (Longmans; 21s.). Would I prefer "the idea of going on a

wine tour at the time of the vintage"? Well, perhaps; but, that being impracticable at the moment, the next best thing is "BOUQUET." By G. B. Stern. With Illustrations and a Map (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). "It is with diffidence," says the author, "that I, a woman, write in praise of wine." Woman as a connoisseur of wine is something new. Signs of the times!

In my literary travels I am not compelled to restrict myself to the mainland of Europe. I can adventure into the Mediterranean with "THE BALEARICS AND THEIR PEOPLES." By Frederick Chamberlin, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., etc. With two Maps and forty-two Illustrations (Lane; 18s.), an interesting account of modern life in the islands, as well as of their birds, flora, folk-lore and prehistoric monuments. As a voyager, again, I am not restricted in time, any more than in space. I can travel in distinguished company a hundred years ago as easily as in a railway carriage to-day. Thus I can accompany Sir Francis Sacheverell Darwin on his "TRAVELS IN SPAIN AND THE EAST," 1808-10. With Portrait and Map (Cambridge University Press; 6s.). Sir Francis S. Darwin (1786-1859) was a son of Erasmus Darwin, and uncle to the author of "The Origin of Species." This is the diary of a journey which took him to the isles of Greece, Troy, and Constantinople, in the days of the Peninsular War.

I can fare much farther than this, however, in a breezy, picturesque book entitled "CRUISING AROUND THE WORLD AND THE SEVEN SEAS." By Stanton Davis Kirkham. Illustrated (Putnam; 12s. 6d. net). The author,

namely, "MY JOURNEY TO LHASA." The Personal Story of the Only White Woman Who Succeeded in Entering the Forbidden City. By Alexandra David-Neel. Illustrated with many Photographs by the Author (Heinemann; 21s.). This book of unique interest is duly provided with a frontispiece portrait of the author, but still more interesting are several others of her in Tibetan costume, including one showing her, with face blackened according to the custom of Tibetan women, sitting before the Dalai Lama's palace with her adopted son, Lama Yongden. Owing to restrictions placed upon her movements by the authorities, whom she criticises somewhat bitterly, she travelled to Lhasa by stealth disguised as a native beggar-woman, accompanied by her adopted son, who had skill as a fortune teller. Her knowledge of Lhasa, where she stayed two months, is consequently, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." Her book is very much off the beaten track, and reveals a personality of no common order.

Mme. David-Neel's statement that "the field of the occult seems boundless in Thibet" brings me naturally to "CLAIRVOYANCE AND MATERIALISATION." A Record of Experiments. By Dr. Gustave Geley, (late) Director of the International Metapsychic Institute (Paris). Translated by Stanley De Brath, M.I.C.E., late Assistant Secretary of the Government of India Public Works Department. With fifty-one Illustrations and 105 Diagrams (Fisher Unwin—Benn; 30s.). Dr. Geley, we learn, was killed in an aeroplane crash, on July 15, 1924, while flying from Warsaw to Paris. The illustrations include many remarkable and (to my thinking) rather ghastly photographs of ectoplasmic emanations. They remind me of a letter of Charles Lamb's alluding to William Blake, "whose wild designs [he says] accompany a splendid folio edition of the *Night Thoughts*, in one of which he pictures the parting of soul and body by a solid mass of human form floating off from the lumpish mass left behind on the dying bed."

I express no opinion as to the reality of psychic phenomena—a branch of research that does not attract me. Many people, I think, will be inclined to agree with Lady Oxford when she says (in her "Lay Sermons"): "I do not remember a single instance of a spookist telling us anything of interest about the next world. All I have read of their contributions to our knowledge has been disappointing, even trivial. Nor is the manner they acquire it dignified or convincing."

After the atmosphere of séances, I feel the need of a little fresh air. Shall I mount a fiery steed, or hire a sailing boat, or go for a bathe, or play tennis? I am well provided with instruction in any of these pastimes. I can learn to train and manage a horse, or a polo pony, through the medium of "BRIDLE WISE." A Key to Better Hunters—Better Ponies. By Lieut.-Col. S. G. Goldschmidt. With Plates by Lionel Edwards ("Country Life" Ltd.; 12s. 6d.). This beautifully illustrated book seems to me an important addition to the literature of equitation. If I want to go boating, I can prepare myself by a study of "YACHTING." How to Sail and Manage a Small Modern Yacht. By Arthur E. Bullen and Geoffrey Prout. Illustrated by Geoffrey Prout (Glasgow: Brown, Son and Ferguson; 7s. 6d.). Before bathing I shall do well to peruse "THE BOOK OF SWIMMING AND DIVING." By Sid G. Hedges. Illustrated by Arthur Dixon (Hutchinson; 4s. 6d.). I can almost see myself swimming the Channel, though it is rather wide here. On the courts, I am sure, my game will be much improved from observing the precepts in "MODERN LAWN TENNIS." By Señorita Lili de Alvarez. Illustrated (Lane; 3s. 6d.). Cochet must beware of me next year. Finally, I round off a perfect day with "BRIDGE FOR THINKERS." By Florence Irwin. Including the Revised Laws of Auction, 1926, the Etiquette of the Game, and a Chapter on Contract Bridge (Putnam).

Who will venture to assert that a reviewer's lot is not a happy one? C. E. B.



A MAGNIFICENT GOLD SPECIMEN OF THE TREZZO MEDAL OF MARY TUDOR; THE REVERSE, WITH THE QUEEN AS "PEACE BURNING THE IMPLEMENTS OF WAR"; AND THE OBERVERSE, WHICH IS "A MARVELLOUS REALISATION OF THE QUEEN'S SULLEN RELIGIOSITY."

Concerning this masterpiece of sixteenth-century art recently presented to the British Museum, thanks to the generosity of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, an expert writes: "Jacopo da Trezzo, a Milanese goldsmith, medallist, sculptor, and architect, to whom Philip II. of Spain entrusted many commissions for works of art, was in the Netherlands at the time of the marriage of Philip, then still Prince of Spain, to Mary Tudor in 1554. It is probable that, like Sir Antonio Mor, he was sent to England to make a portrait of the Queen. Mor's painting is in the Prado. Trezzo's medal has long been known in inferior examples—casts derived (at some distance) from the original, in which all the freshness of the modelling, all the wonderful detail of the chasing, the work of the first Italian goldsmith of the time, have been lost. But in the magnificent gold specimen from the Huth collection presented to the nation we have the actual work of the artist's own hands. The superb portrait, a marvellous realisation of the Queen's sullen religiosity, is worthy to rank with Mor's. On the reverse is an allegorical design, florid indeed, but a miracle of execution, representing Mary in the guise of Peace burning the implements of war and bringing 'sight to the blind and tranquillity to the fearful'—apparently an allusion to the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism in this country."

best known, perhaps, by his "Mexican Trails," summarises his new volume thus: "These random notes . . . are the result of a cruise around the world in 1923, with recollections of a similar voyage in 1893-4; of a cruise in the Mediterranean in 1924, followed by a voyage up the Nile and by motor through Tunisia and Algeria; of a voyage around South America in 1925; and of a cruise around Africa in 1926, with a journey from Cape Town to Victoria Falls and thence to Portuguese East Africa."

Having ranged the world with an American, I can now see "north and south Amerikee"—or parts thereof—through the eyes of two well-known British writers. Thus "NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA." By Ford Madox Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer) (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), presents the daily round of American life, described and criticised by a citizen of the world who is equally at home in London or Paris. For a contrast to New York, I turn to "MORNINGS IN MEXICO." By D. H. Lawrence (Martin Secker; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Lawrence emphasises a contention of mine, that every book should contain a portrait of the author. "When books come out with grand titles," he says, "it's a pity we don't immediately visualise a thin or a fat person, in a chair or in bed, dictating to a bob-haired stenographer, or making little marks on paper with a fountain-pen." I don't know whether Mr. Lawrence is fat or thin—he does not here enable me to visualise him—but I know that he has written, as might be expected, an entertaining book.

Once more I set out on my travels, to complete the tale of the seventeen, and this last is the most adventurous—

Harrier by Name and Harrier by Nature: C. Pygargus.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY J. C. HARRISON; RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. VICARS BROTHERS', 12, OLD BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHTED.)



MONTAGU'S HARRIER: A HEN BIRD, WHICH HAS BEEN CALLED OFF THE NEST BY THE COCK,
CATCHING THE PREY THROWN TO HER BY HIM.

That diurnal bird of prey, the Harrier, is known in some sixteen species, distributed over the greater part of the globe. It is of the family Falconidæ, sub-family Circinæ, and genus Circus. Obviously, its name is derived from

its harrying propensities. It feeds on small birds, mammals, and reptiles; while the marsh-haunting species add fish, frogs, and grasshoppers and other insects. When hunting, it will beat and quarter its ground methodically.

The King's Racing-Yacht at Cowes: Running Before a Fresh Following-Wind.

FROM THE PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL-ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"BRITANNIA" LEADS: HIS MAJESTY'S FAMOUS YACHT RACING WITH "WHITE HEATHER," "SHAMROCK," AND "LULWORTH"—WITH A DESTROYER ON DUTY, AND R.A.F. AEROPLANES OVERHEAD.

Describing his painting, our artist writes: "I show 'Britannia' leading in a race with 'White Heather,' 'Shamrock,' and 'Lulworth.' The yachts are seen carrying all possible sail as they race before a fresh following-wind from westward. Overhead are watchful aeroplanes from the R.A.F. station at Lee-on-Solent. The escorting destroyer (in the left foreground) indicates the presence of the King in 'Britannia.' Some little while ago, by the way, his Majesty's famous racing-

yacht underwent modification of her spars and her sail-area; for in a hard 'blow' sailing in the big yachts had become dangerous, and on one occasion 'Britannia,' rounding a buoy last season, had been nearly half an hour with her sails almost flat to the water. 'Britannia's' mast has been reduced by four feet. Last year, the height of the mast was increased by eight feet."



“The Light of Other Days”

“Fond memory brings the light of other days around me,” sang the poet Moore. Most of us are discovering that in those calmer, slower times, there were many savours, qualities and fragrances that are being lost in the rush of to-day. Substitutes abound, but original standards

are in danger of being lowered. Craven Mixture is still blended in the old painstaking method according to the recipe of the third Earl of Craven and still maintains the qualities that Sir James Barrie eulogised in “My Lady Nicotine” as “. . . . a tobacco to LIVE for.”

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Always behaves its best—no derangement of the original blending.

"DOPE"-DESTRUCTION IN CHINA: THE BURNING OF FORBIDDEN DRUGS.

1. THE Chinese Maritime Customs, the controlling power for seizure and revenue in China, destroys once a quarter all drugs—opium, morphia, heroin, etc.—confiscated by their employees. The method of destruction is by fire, and the event is quite an important ceremony. The site for the burning is in the Customs store-yard at Poo Tung, just opposite the Shanghai Custom House, on the other side of the Huang Poo River; and this was where the last quarter's drugs were destroyed on June 15 last. At 8 a.m. the two specially-built furnaces were fired by a party of eight first-class stokers, in charge of an officer, from one of the Revenue cruisers in port; and, in the presence

[Continued in Box 2.]



MORPHIA AWAITING DESTRUCTION: THE DRUG AS IT WAS WHEN SEIZED—IN THE FORM OF SMALL CUBES SIMILAR TO LOAF SUGAR, AND IN SQUARE TINS CONTAINING ABOUT TWO POUNDS EACH.

2. of the Customs superintendent, representatives of the Mixed Court of Shanghai, the Chinese Bureau of Foreign Affairs, and the National Anti-Opium Association, the many packages were opened, examined, and weighed. First the morphia was destroyed. This was packed, in some instances, in square tins of about two pounds weight each, and the drug was made in the form of small cubes, similar to loaf sugar, but softer. In other boxes, the morphia was packed in layers of calico, so that, in the event of the case being opened, its contents would have the appearance of piece goods. All this was thrown into the fire, and in a

[Continued in Box 3.]



AFTER THE FIRST OF THE THREE BURNINGS: FIRST-CLASS STOKERS FROM A CHINESE REVENUE CRUISER RAKING OUT ASHES OF THE DRUGS IN ORDER TO RE-BURN THEM BEFORE THE RESIDUE WAS TAKEN OUT TO SEA AND DUMPED.



AN OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGN OF THE BURNING OF HEROIN: THE THICK BLACK SMOKE GIVEN OUT BY THE DRUG—A SMOKE WHICH HAS A VERY PUNGENT ODOUR.

THE OPENING OF A STRAW BALE IN WHICH DRIED LOCUSTS MASKED THOUSANDS OF CONTRABAND POPPY PODS—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DIVISION.



3. very short space of time morphia to the weight of 1239 oz. and valued at 24,780 dollars (Mex.) was destroyed. Next came a case containing 74 hypodermic syringes and 884 needles, all of German manufacture and of various sizes: these, also, the white heat of the furnace reduced to ashes. Heroin, weighing 7179 oz. and valued at 170,501 dollars (Mex.) was found in long cardboard boxes, and, upon being cast to the flames, gave out a thick black smoke, which, if inhaled, had a very pungent odour. Chlorodyne—a legitimate medicine if obtained through a proper, bonded channel—was found in medium-sized bottles, with laudanum and other liquids containing narcotics. Opium, the time-honoured Chinese "necessity," was present in various forms—Indian opium, native opium,

[Continued below.]

EMPTYING ONE OF THE BALES IN WHICH DRIED LOCUSTS MASKED POPPY-PODS—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CONTRABAND PODS BEING POURED FROM THE LOWER PART OF THE BALE.



BALES DESIGNED TO CHEAT THE CUSTOMS AUTHORITIES: ONE OF THE LARGE STRAW CONTAINERS HOLDING DRIED LOCUSTS WHICH MASKED POPPY-PODS.



SOME OF THE MORPHIA THAT WAS BURNT: PART OF THE 1239 OUNCES OF THE DRUG (VALUED AT 24,780 DOLLARS—MEX.) AWAITING DESTRUCTION.

[Continued.]

small glass tubes of prepared opium pills all ready for the pipe, opium in powdered form and in semi-solid condition, packed in small tins; with a variety of opium-lamps, pipes, and their accessories, valued at 235 dollars (Mex.). Last of all came five large straw bales which, on being opened at one end, were observed to contain dried locusts (a dried beetle used by the Chinese for medicinal purposes); but about twelve inches further in the bale was a division, and beyond that

were poppy pods in thousands. The pods and locusts burned rapidly and were soon completely reduced to ashes; but this is not enough for those responsible for the suppression of the "dope" traffic in China. All the ashes are raked out and re-burnt, and burnt again for a third time; and, finally, the remaining dust and ashes are collected into sacks and taken out to sea by a Revenue cruiser and dumped.

"UNTAINTED" BY EUROPEANISM: NATIVE ART FROM DAHOMEY.



THE HUNTER.



THE MUSICIAN; AND THE CALABASH-CARRIER.



THE TILLER OF THE SOIL



THE KING.



THE EXECUTIONER.

For the first time in the history of that institution, visitors to the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français were able to see this year, in the gallery reserved for the works of painters from the French colonies, an exhibition of examples of decorative art from Dahomey. The items shown were of special interest, for none of them was "tainted" by European influence, it having been the aim of the organiser, M. Rouffe, to present only those productions which have retained the true traditions of native primitive art. Thus, official recognition has been given to a form of art whose power and strange beauties have been accepted by connoisseurs for quite a number of years. Dahomey, it may perhaps be added, is one of France's nine West African colonies. The natives are of pure negro stock, and belong to the Fon branch of the Ewe family.

ACCEPTED BY EUROPEAN CONNOISSEURS:
NATIVE AFRICAN ART.



FROM THE IVORY COAST: A BAOULÉ
DANCE-MASK.



WOODEN DANCE-MASKS FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO—THE ONE
ON THE RIGHT IN COLOURED WOOD.



FROM THE IVORY COAST: A BAOULÉ
DANCE-MASK.



A FINE EXAMPLE: A DANCE-MASK FROM THE IVORY
COAST.



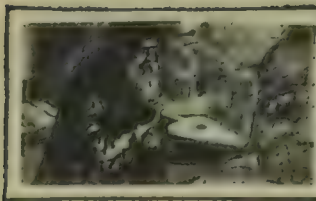
A WOODEN HAIR-PIN FROM THE
BELGIAN CONGO.



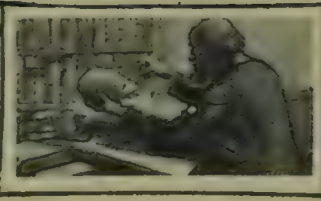
A GROTESQUE EXAMPLE FROM BENIN:
A DANCE-MASK.

Here, again, we have some very interesting examples of native African art—the first and fourth from the collection in the Barnes Foundation at Merion, near Philadelphia; the others from the collection of the Swiss connoisseur Mr. Heinrich Coray-Stoop. In this connection it should be noted that Dr. Albert C. Barnes, who was recently made a Knight of the Legion of Honour, has housed in the Museum that bears his name a particularly fine collection of Negro art from

various parts of the world; and he is the outstanding champion of the Negro Art Movement in the United States. Mr. Coray-Stoop's collection of ancient negro art is claimed to be one of the finest in private possession. The Ivory Coast is part of France's colonial domain, and, in 1925, had an estimated native population of 1,664,371. It lies between Liberia and the British Gold Coast. One of the chief ports is Grand Bassam, and near this, in Baoulé, gold is found.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"WHALES" ALL!—WHALES, PORPOISES, AND DOLPHINS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE just been asked: "Is a whale a fish?" It is not the first time, indeed, that this question has been put to me. It is not enough to reply, "The answer is in the negative!" for "What is a whale?" invariably follows! It is easy enough to show that a whale is not a fish. For the fish is a gill-breather, taking water in at the mouth and passing it out

nosed whale and the bottle-nosed dolphin, the latter having a length of no more than eleven feet as against thirty feet in the case of its rival.

From the layman's point of view, the distinction to be drawn between the porpoise (Fig. 1) and the dolphin rests upon the form of the snout. In the dolphins this is produced into a "beak," which may be quite short, as shown in Fig. 3, or long, as in the common dolphin (Fig. 2). When the systematic zoologist took up the study of the *cetacea*, he brought to bear a different method of analysis, realising that superficial appearances are very deceptive. He divides them into two sections—baleen-whales, which have the upper jaw furnished with a closely-packed series of horny plates, known as baleen, or whale-bone; and the toothed-whales, whose jaws bear more or fewer teeth.

times known as the "Creodonts," the ancestors of the *carnivora* of to-day. That the whale tribe were once land-dwellers we know, not merely from their general conformation, but from the presence of vestiges of the hind-limbs hidden away within the muscles of the abdomen. This evidence derived from the "Prozeuglodon" tells us from what kind of land-animals this descent was derived. The teeth of this ancestral whale were very different from those of the whale-tribe of to-day. We can distinguish incisors, canines, pre-molars, and molars. The pre-molars were the largest teeth in the jaw, triangular in form, and with serrated edges.

In the whale-tribe of to-day the teeth have all been reduced to one common peg-like form. But why should some species have developed no fewer than sixty pairs, all alike as two peas? Other species show a steady decline in the number of the teeth, and it is to be noticed that this begins in the upper jaw, till, as I have remarked, but a single pair remains, and where this is the case they are always borne by the lower jaw.

That these profound differences are related to the nature of the food of these creatures seems obvious. Nevertheless, we cannot do more than roughly appraise this relationship. In that ravening wolf of the seas, the "killer-whale," the mouth is full of cruel teeth; great conical fangs. A hundred-foot blue-whale has not the smallest chance when attacked by a school of these furies. The poor "beaked-whales,"

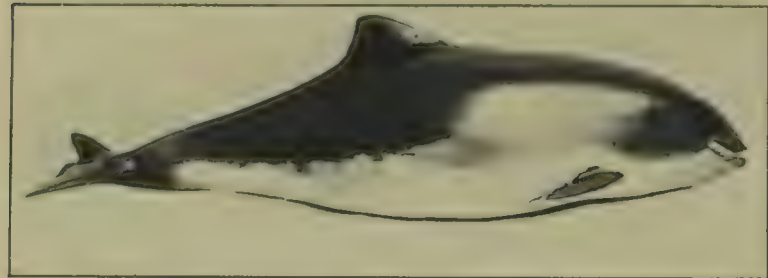


FIG. 1. THE COMMON PORPOISE—THE TYPICAL PORPOISE—WHEREIN THERE IS NO BEAK.

In some species of porpoise there is no dorsal fin. This, in the matter of its size, seems to be related to speed. In the killer-whale it may be six feet high. Species which are more leisurely in their movements are either without a dorsal fin or have a mere ridge. Reference to the photograph of the white-beaked dolphin will show that it has a much bigger dorsal fin and a much deeper "keel" in front of the tail-flukes than the porpoise.

through apertures in its throat for the purpose of extracting therefrom the oxygen it contains—that precious gas without which life is impossible.

The whale, on the other hand, being a mammal, is a lung-breather, and must, therefore, obtain its oxygen from the upper air. This is drawn in through its blow-hole—answering to our nose, and seated on the top of the head instead of at the end of the snout—and passes into the lungs exactly as with us land-lubbers. To this end the tail has developed enormous "flukes," placed horizontally in response to the creature's persistent upward movements for air and downward plunges for food. Herein, again, it differs from fish, where the tail flukes are vertical, being chiefly used for driving the body forward, there being no need for any but leisurely movements to the surface.

But when one has made it quite clear that a whale is *not* a fish, one is still at a loss for a ready answer as to what constitutes a whale. The difficulty has arisen out of the layman's notion that a whale is a creature of Brobdingnagian proportions; such as are displayed by the mighty blue-whale, which may attain to a length of more than one hundred feet; or by the huge right-whales and the rorquals and the sperm-whale of our own seas. It does not occur to him that porpoises and dolphins are also "whales." If this be explained to him he will then ask you what is the difference between a porpoise and a dolphin, and where, in this rivalry of size, is the line to be drawn between "whales and not whales"—for he conceives the difference to be one of size alone.

As a matter of fact, the names we employ in common speech for the different types of *cetacea* were given by the old whalers, who hunted only the right-whales and the sperm-whale, all huge creatures. The rest were just "small fry," either porpoises or dolphins, and of no account. Those who hunted the smaller *cetacea*, putting out in boats from the shore along the Scottish seaboard, came to have a less grandiose scale of size. Hence the name "Ca'ing whale" for what is really a dolphin twenty feet long. The importance of the aspect of size is reflected again in the names of the bottle-

divided into two groups—the right-whales, which have the baleen plates in the form of long, narrow bands; and the rorquals, wherein they are short and triangular. The toothed-whales present a surprising diversity in the number and character of their teeth. In some species there may be as many as sixty pairs, in others only one; and even these may be wanting in the females! By this time some of my readers may have grown a little impatient at what they have found to be but a dull parade of duller facts which apparently are of no great use to anybody.

But let them pause for a moment and survey these details from another angle. They concern living animals, and every one has a meaning, if we could only grasp it. They are all so many records of cause and effect. They might well serve to illustrate that text, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." They reflect the creature's mode of life, past and present, and we can only interpret such records very imperfectly, for, among other reasons, there are many gaps. In our efforts to piece together the story we must go back to certain extinct species like "Prozeuglodon," which enable us to link up the *cetacea* with those primitive *carnivora* of Eocene

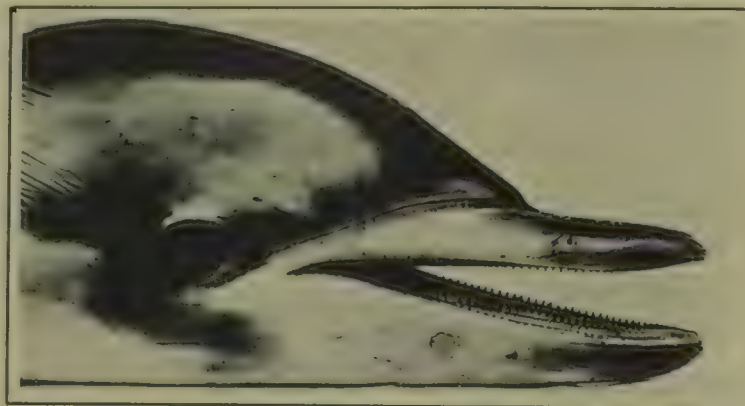


FIG. 2. THE COMMON DOLPHIN; SHOWING THE WELL-DEVELOPED BEAK AND THE LARGE NUMBER OF TEETH.

In the common dolphin, the beak is extremely well developed. This is the dolphin *par excellence*, the dolphin of the ancients, who had many opportunities of seeing it in the Mediterranean. It is fairly common in our own seas.

like the bottle-nosed and Sowerby's whale; for example, "just have to gum it," having but a single pair of teeth left. But they live upon succulent food like squids and octopuses. The huge sperm-whale is also a squid-eater, but, it is to be noted, it will also eat bonitos and albacores, and doubtless other large fish. Hence, perhaps, the retention

of the formidable row of teeth borne on each side of the lower jaw. In the upper jaw they have been reduced to vestiges which never cut the gum.

I am, perforce, obliged to spoil a good story: for the whale-tribe furnishes us with a greater wealth of material bearing on problems of the transmission of acquired characters and the evolution of vestiges than any other group of the mammals. I have had to be content with a few facts concerning the teeth alone. On another occasion I hope to return to this theme.



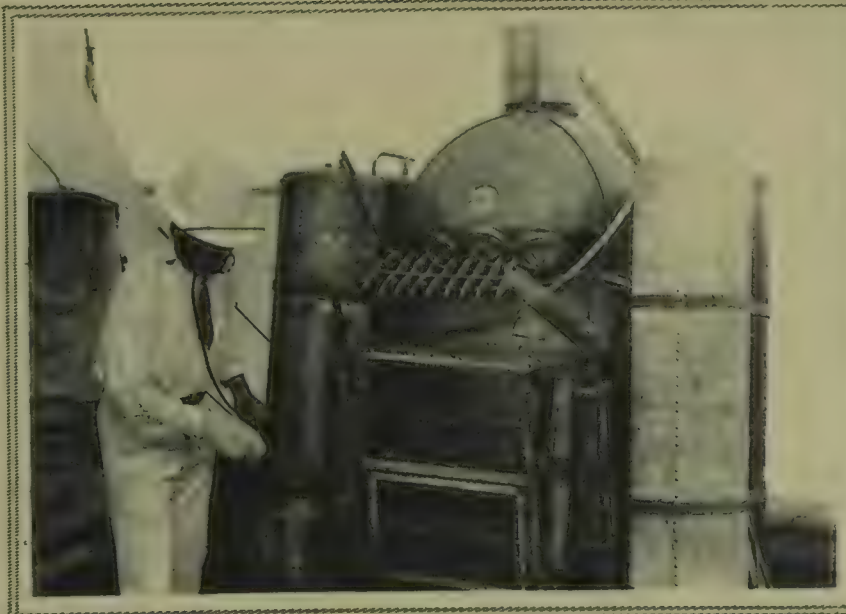
FIG. 3. THE WHITE-BEAKED DOLPHIN; SHOWING THE RELATIVELY SHORT BEAK.

No one has been able to suggest a reason for the projection of the upper jaw in the dolphins, to form a beak. In the white-beaked dolphin, the beak is relatively short; and there are other species in which it is still less developed.

A METAL DIVER WITH RAKE-LIKE "HANDS": A "PEARL HARVESTER."



THE OLD METHOD: THE WEARER OF AN ORDINARY DIVING-SUIT, HAVING FILLED HIS BASKET WITH SHELLS, "BLOWS" HIMSELF TO THE SURFACE BY INFLATING HIS SUIT.



THE NEW METHOD: THE METAL "PEARL-SHELL HARVESTER," A SORT OF ONE-MAN SUBMARINE WITH BULGING "EYES," SHARP "TEETH," AND RAKE-LIKE "HANDS."



THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE SHOWING THE SIZE OF THE DEEP-SEA DIVING DEVICE: THE "PEARL-SHELL HARVESTER."



HOW THE DIVER COMMUNICATES WITH THE SURFACE: CAPTAIN BERGE DEMONSTRATING THE LARYNX TELEPHONE.



THE BEGINNING OF A SEARCH FOR PEARL-SHELLS: THE "HARVESTER" BEING LOWERED INTO THE DEPTHS.



WITH THE PEARL-FISHING MACHINE AS ONLOOKER: OPENING-UP MOTHER-OF-PEARL SHELLS BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE BY THE MECHANICAL DIVER.



LUCK: A PEARL IS FOUND IN ONE OF THE PEARL-SHELLS RAKED FROM THE OCEAN BED BY THE ONE-MAN-SUBMARINE "PEARL-SHELL HARVESTER."

An important departure in the way of gathering pearl-shells was in evidence recently at the Solomon Islands, where an American inventor put into use what he calls the "pearl-shell harvester," which, to put it roughly, is a cross between a diving-suit and a one-man submarine. As our photographs show, it is an eerie affair, with bulging "eyes," sharp "teeth," and rake-like "hands." It is worked by a man inside it, who has considerable mechanism under his control, mechanism that enables him to seize the shells in the iron claws and teeth, and deposit them in a receptacle at the side of the device. The diver having entered the machine,

and having been shut therein; the whole contrivance is lowered into the water on a steel cable. The shells are located by means of an electric searchlight; and the machine is manœuvred from place to place on the ocean bed as required. A gyroscope keeps it upright. The diver communicates with those on the surface by means of a telephone clamped against the throat, and his speaking is just as audible from the larynx as it would be from the lips. Whereas a man in an ordinary diving-suit cannot work with safety at a depth greater than twenty fathoms, the "harvester" is able to go much deeper.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Week at Goodwood.

The absence of the Queen robbed Goodwood of some of its glory, and the house-party at which the Duke of Richmond and Gordon entertained the King was a purely masculine affair. It included Lord March, Lord Durham, Lord Cavan, and Lord Lonsdale, whose wife was staying at Lavington Park. Lord Woolavington entertained a large party there, his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, acting as hostess. Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, who had taken Binderton House, Chichester, for the week, had Lord and Lady Pembroke as their guests, with Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, who are now going to Alloa House, their home in Scotland, for the autumn. The Duchess of Norfolk had a party at Arundel Castle, where Lord Nunburnholme and Lady Mary Thynne, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, and Sir Eric and Lady

of the spacious country life and their beautiful garden. Lady Ryrie and her twin daughters—one of whom is now married and lives in Australia—are fine horse-women and fond of all outdoor sports. Both the daughters are also excellent shots.

The Ladies' Athenæum.

Members of all the other women's clubs in London were surprised to hear last week that the Ladies' Athenæum Club, which celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday this year, was selling off its furniture and contents. They soon learned, however, that this fortunately did not mean the end of the club, but that the premises it had occupied for the last two years in Stratford Place, after removing from its old home in Dover Street, had been bought by an adjacent business house, and that, as it was not possible to find a new home immediately, it had been decided to sell the furniture rather than store it, and to start the new club with a new outfit. Meantime, the members have been offered hospitality by several other clubs, and, of course, this is an excellent time of year for such an arrangement, for the London clubs will not begin to fill up again for some weeks.

The Ladies' Athenæum, which was started by an interesting group of women—Lady Randolph Churchill was one of them—has always attracted members who liked a nice, quiet, dignified home, and had no desire for the active institutional kind of life, full of entertainments and receptions to distinguished guests, that are a feature of some other women's clubs. It had a wonderful house, with rooms where members entertained their friends quietly; the bridge-room was popular, and it made a feature of its reading-room. Another great point about it was

that members who wished to stay there were not limited to a short period, and many liked to stay there for weeks at a time. Mme. Melba was one of those who made it her headquarters when in London. Its members include many interesting personalities, women who are famous for their work in various walks of life—literary, artistic and musical, as well as social. Mrs. Elliot-Lynn, the famous aviator, was its secretary for a time. The present secretary is Lady Walker.

The Dublin Horse Show.

The Irish Horse Show has taken a great many people over to Dublin this week. Lord and Lady Dunsany, at Dunsany Castle, were among those who entertained house-parties for it. Lord and Lady Powerscourt entertained their friends at Powerscourt Castle, their magnificent home in County Wicklow. The gardens there, laid out in the style of Versailles, are famous, and the park possesses wonderful natural scenery. Lord Powerscourt is a Senator of the Southern Parliament, and spends most of his time in Ireland. Lady Powerscourt is a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem, and also Commissioner of the Girl Guides for Ireland, a post that is no sinecure.

Miss Baylis Scores Again.

Some of her friends at the Royal Garden Party, who noticed that Miss Lilian Baylis was holding earnest conversations with Miss Sybil Thorndike and other stars of the stage, and evidently enjoying herself in a very busy way, guessed why she looked



TO PAY THE DEATH DUTIES ON HER HUSBAND'S ESTATE: LADY HOUSTON.

Lady Houston, the widow of Sir R. P. Houston, Bt., the ship-owner who died in Jersey in 1926, leaving a fortune of £7,000,000, has sent a telegram to the Chancellor stating that, as an act of grace, she will pay the death duties on her husband's estate, which are estimated to be about £2,800,000.

enthusiasm makes it a delight to her friends to help her. In this crisis Mr. Nigel Playfair has offered her his theatre, and Miss Thorndike and her husband, Mr. Lewis Casson, have most generously surrendered their plans for an autumn season of their own to ensure the success of the Shakespeare season. They helped her in the same way during the war, when Miss Thorndike played at the Old Vic at a salary of £3 10s. a week.

Miss Baylis often amuses her friends by her racy stories of difficult problems that have confronted her, and the inspirations by which she has solved them. Some of the most amusing tales are about her adventures with her father and his family when they went on tour in South Africa with a concert party that

failed and left them stranded. With the courage that made such a success of the Old Vic, the family bought a wagon and team of oxen and set off on a tour of the country districts, giving performances that were immensely appreciated by little towns and remote settlements.

An Adventurous Honeymoon.

Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Gerald Annesley, whose marriage took place in Ireland this week, will spend their honeymoon in East Africa, where they intend to go big-game shooting. Lady Elizabeth is the elder daughter of the Earl of Roden; her sister, Lady Mabel Jocelyn, was her chief bridesmaid. Mr. Gerald Annesley is the only son of the late Commander Gerald Sowerby and of Lady Mabel Annesley, elder daughter of the fifth Earl Annesley. Commander Sowerby died fourteen years ago, and the following year, on the death of her brother, the sixth Earl, Lady Mabel succeeded to the Annesley estates, and thereupon resumed her family name.



THE LIDO SEASON: A MANNEQUIN PARADE.

The Lido season has begun, and there are daily arrivals of the *beau monde* from all parts of Europe. Recently there was held a mannequin parade at which all the great French and Italian dressmakers showed their models, suitable for every possible occasion.

Drummond (on holiday from Geneva) were among the guests.

The Tudor Revels.

This has been a great year for pageantry, culminating in the wonderful production at Craigmillar. The Tudor Revels given at Hatfield on Bank Holiday Monday were, of course, on a smaller scale than that, but they had the advantage of reproducing scenes that had actually occurred in the old palace when Henry VIII. paid a visit to his three children in residence there nearly four hundred years ago. Lady Salisbury, who was Mistress of the Revels, had worked very hard to make them a success, and the producer had taken infinite pains to secure historical accuracy in regard to costumes and details. Two hundred performers took part in the pageant, in the courtyard of the old palace, of King Henry's progress as, accompanied by Queen Katherine, he greeted his children. After that, a play, "The Pedlar," and Tudor dances were performed on a stage in the wonderful old hall. The visitors thoroughly enjoyed the Revels, including a reproduction of the St. Audrey's Fair, and the opportunity of viewing the famous house and gardens. Lady Salisbury was equally pleased with the money raised for the Church Schools of Hatfield.

Lady Ryrie.

Sir Granville Ryrie, the new High Commissioner for Australia, and Lady Ryrie, are looking for a home in London, and meantime they are staying at the Langham Hotel with their daughter and their fifteen-year-old son, who is to go to an English school. Lady Ryrie is a charming woman, and is known in her own country as a delightful hostess, so Australians in London feel that she will be a great success in the capacity of official hostess here. She has many friends in England already, for she has been here before, the last time three years ago. Towards the end of the war, when Sir Granville was in command of the Australian Light Horse, she lived for six months in Cairo. Sir Granville Ryrie belongs to one of the oldest Australian families—his ancestors went out there at the beginning of last century. Lady Ryrie is the daughter of Judge McFarland, of New South Wales, and spent her youth in Sydney.

Their home is Micalago, a sheep station in the Murray District of New South Wales, and, though they will enjoy life in London, they will miss the charms



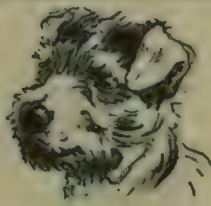
THE WOMAN RULER OF SARK: MRS. DUDLEY BEAUMONT, THE SEIGNEUR; AND HER DAUGHTERS JEHANNE AND DOUCE.

Mrs. Dudley Beaumont is a daughter of the late Mr. William Collings, the former Seigneur of Sark, and has been chosen to succeed her father. The new Seigneur of Sark holds an office originally granted by Queen Elizabeth to Helier de Carteret, of Jersey, and is really the owner of the island and responsible for it to the King and the Privy Council.

“LOVE ME, LOVE MY . . .”



Gill
ALDIN



THE TERRIER.

A Dog and a Boy,
With the same throbbing thoughts,
Crouch alertly intent,
On the finest of sports.
Every beady-eyed Rat
Bolting out of its hole,
Brings an exquisite bliss
To the Terrier's soul.

What a glorious "bag"
Of the Rat kith-and-kin,
The young and grey-whiskered,
The plump and the thin!
And how sweet to the Boy,
When the turmoil is o'er,
Are the smuggled Abdullas
All Sportsmen adore!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN
VIRGINIA (BOTH "IMPERIAL" & "AMERICAN")

Fashions & Fancies



Two shady felt hats for the East which hail from Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, W., a firm who specialise in models for the tropics.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARN-
EST IN THE MATTER OF CHOOSING
HATS, TRAVELLING ACCESSORIES, AND—
LAST BUT NOT LEAST—MAKING GOLDEN
RULES FOR THE NURSERY.

seems, lose their popularity, although the arrow has definitely been discarded for the large brooch in curious shapes and designs. Triangles, oblongs, and various geometrical signs are very much *à la mode*, and also small animal heads carried out in onyx and paste. Monkeys and elephants are to be seen quite a lot, and one captivating little hat boasts a diminutive alligator sprawling lazily across the crown.

Shady Hats for the Tropics.

A great speciality of attractive hats for the tropics, both in felt and straw, is made by Woodrow's, of 46, Piccadilly, W. From there come the two shady models pictured at the top of this page. The beige double terai hat is of the finest fur felt, and can be worn single if desired, with a special sun-proof lining. It is obtainable in all sizes and in most colours, or can be made specially to order in fourteen days. The second felt is trimmed and underlined with a light printed scarf. These felts are as effective as the ordinary tropical helmet, with the advantage of being wearable with afternoon dresses as well as riding kit. Rolling waterproof felts for all sports this side of the world can be obtained for 35s. in the newest shapes and colourings.

"4711" for Summer Travelling.

To a very great number of women, the thought of the holidays is spoilt by anticipations of the journey. Train fatigue lasts for days, and gives a jaded, unattractive look to the freshest face. This is yet another opportunity for 4711 Eau-de-Cologne to step into the breach and prove its manifold virtues. A few drops sprinkled on the handkerchief and then dabbed on the face will remove all the dust and dryness, making it perfect once again. The refreshing fragrance soothes the nerves and restores vitality to the whole system. Small travelling bottles for the handbag can be secured



Though you leave out a hat or shoes from your holiday equipment, 4711 Eau-de-Cologne must never be forgotten, for it refreshes instantly on the journey and banishes fatigue, bringing freshness and youth to the complexion.

for 2s. 6d. at all the leading stores and chemists, and other bottles are obtainable in sizes ranging from 4s. 9d. to 56s. The pure oil of Neroli from the orange-blossom, which is one of the chief ingredients of "4711," holds the secret of the many powers of this famous brand. It is invaluable for a sick-room, while the healthiest athlete finds that massage with it after the bath produces a wonderful feeling of vitality and well-being.

To Keep the Teeth White and Healthy.

Looking after the teeth adequately is a care which should be taught properly from the earliest nursery days. Kiddies who are brought up on Pepsodent look upon their teeth-cleaning process as a rather exciting game which they must never miss. Pepsodent is used to remove the dingy film which covers the teeth, caused continually by food, smoking, etc. This film reaches and stays in the crevices, causing decay, and Pepsodent wages a fierce war night and morning against this insidious enemy. It is obtainable everywhere, and is an economical way of attaining white and perfect teeth.

A Wonderful Baby Book.

Every mother will read with intense interest and profit the 130-page book, "Infant Feeding and Management," issued by Allen and Hanburys, of 37, Lombard Street, E.C.3. It is written in simple language, and is filled with information and practical advice on every phase of baby's upbringing. A copy will be sent post free on request to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper. The valuable qualities of Allen and Hanburys' food for infants have been proved by many generations.

Hats in September Mood.

Fashion is allowing her imagination more play in the sphere of hats than in the silhouette of frocks. It is not surprising that the airman's helmet has already been blown out of its course as far as the flight of fashion is concerned. Extreme modes rarely survive more than a few weeks, for directly they become universal they appear very ordinary. The newest felts have tall, round crowns, without the familiar creases and dents in the centre, and small turned-down brims—or no brims at all—complete the silhouette. The brimless toques of felt are very smart, and are made with "zigzags" of a darker felt across the front.

Two-Colour Felts and Initials.

Reversible felts in two colours promise to be fashionable again in these neat little hats, and some toques are ornamented with long "pins" made of felt in a deeper shade. Felt initials are also to be seen on some of the new models—very elongated and slim affairs, reaching sometimes the entire height of the crown. Gleaming ornaments of brilliants will never, it

These little people are training their dolls in the way they should go, for they know Pepsodent makes the teeth white and healthy, and removes the dingy-looking film.





When better Cars are built —

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Nov. 6, 1927, 230



THE BUICK MAJESTIC TOURER

In the Majestic Tourer there is really comfortable seating for five—comfortable even for all-day driving, with deeply-sprung upholstery and ample leg room. Front seats are of the sliding bucket type, adjustable for the absolute convenience of every driver. Equipment is wonderfully complete, making this tourer an ideal car where an open model is preferred. The rigid side curtains may be left erected with the hood down when open air with protection from wind is desired.



£398

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Nov. 6, 1927, 231



THE DOMINION TWO-DOOR SALOON

Very wide doors give immediate access to either front or rear compartments of this beautiful saloon, tastefully upholstered in grey cloth or blue leather at choice. Every useful refinement for convenience and comfort has a place in the Dominion Saloon. Front seats may be folded entirely out of the way when desired. Perfect air-freedom is obtainable by lowering all windows and raising the windscreen.



£425

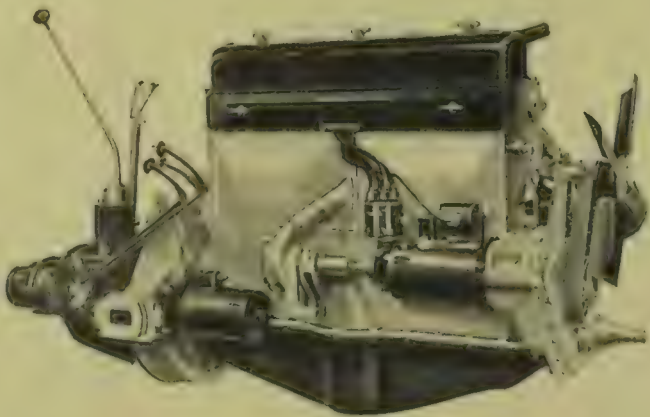
— Buick will build them

Buick's Supreme construction gives this amazing Dependability

Twenty-six years ago, in 1901, Buick introduced the overhead-valve type of engine—a remarkable advance in automobile construction.

Since that day, improvement upon improvement has kept Buick consistently to the very forefront of the motor car industry, so that to-day's Buick is a revelation in its downright dependability and motoring excellence.

Below is glowing proof of the complete satisfaction of Buick ownership—extracts from a letter, written spontaneously, by a user who is an experienced motorist. The letter may be seen at any time in these offices.



The Buick six-cylinder engine develops more power per cubic-inch displacement than any engine made to date in any part of the world, and in relation to the power developed, it is more economical in oil and petrol than any other type.

The crankshaft is fitted with counter-balancing weights and a torsion balancer. The whole engine is absolutely insulated from the chassis frame by rubber engine mountings, so that at whatever speed you travel, you will find the Buick, in very truth, vibrationless beyond belief.

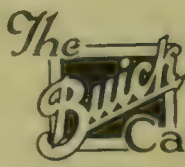
"All day, many days of 16 hours, she runs perfectly under all weather conditions, over every sort of road that experience can provide."

"The mileage per gallon is considerably over your statement, and her speed is easily higher than your claim."

"Actually there is no real wear and tear. After 40,000 miles one would naturally expect parts to be worn, yet a close scrutiny of my car fails to discover one that is worth either recording or replacement."

"If I want to trickle through the traffic on top, I can do so, slower than I should like to walk. If I require a burst of speed, she never objects."

"After 40,000 miles, the car is as good as new, ready to start as easily as on the day I bought her, running as well as ever she did, and ready to stop the moment the brakes are applied. Her balance is even; her steering is easy; her engine is quiet; as she was at 1,000 miles so she is at 40,000."



Send a post card to-day for your copy of the Buick catalogue, in which all models are shown in full colours and full mechanical details are given.

REAL VALUE FOR MONEY—SEE THESE BUICK PRICES:

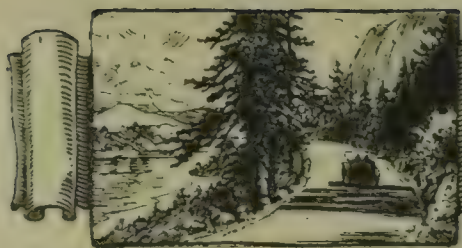
On the 114½" Light Chassis

Majestic Tourer	£398
Dominion 2-door Saloon (Upholstered in Grey Cloth or Blue Leather)	£425
Empire 4-door Saloon (upholstered in Brown Leather or Grey Repp)	£485
Country Club Roadster	£415

On the 128" Master Chassis

Monarch 7-Seater Tourer	£525
Pullman Limousine (7-Seater)	£725
Piccadilly 2-Seater (wire wheels)	£550
Regent 5-Seater Tourer (wire wheels)	£560

GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED, EDGWARE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE TWO-LITRE "O.M." SALOON.

ABOUT a year ago I described in *The Illustrated London News* the 15-45-h.p. six-cylinder "O.M.," a product of one of the most highly respected and old-established Italian factories, and also decidedly one

and windage of the closed car, there is not much "in it." Which is a remarkable circumstance in these days of uproarious "sporting" models. The "O.M.," whether "sporting" or not, is never uproarious. It has the athletic vigour of the better sort of "sporting" car, but its manners are immeasurably superior. It does not bark and it is extraordinarily unobtrusive.

The general details of the engine and chassis remain the same. It is one of the features of this make of car which is attractive to the man who buys a car to keep that the type does not change materially from year to year. The existing model has satisfied its makers—and, presumably, its buyers—for some three years. I suppose in course of time modifications will be introduced into the design, but at present the owner of a 1925 "O.M." has practically the same car as

than for the open car, is centrally controlled, but right-hand change can be had at an extra charge.

The radiator is a large one, and the bulk of the water in it is well above the engine-head. It is thermosiphon circulated, but its size should, I imagine, be a safeguard against boiling even on a summer's day in its native Alps. In this country I suppose the engine is considerably over-cooled—a fault which is so easily corrected by blanking that, with the bitter memories of steaming, rumbling radiators on long Alpine passes, with no water available for the next five miles, I almost regard it as a virtue.

As I have remarked, I was very agreeably surprised at the behaviour of this distinctly large closed car. Its liveliness on top speed (which is geared 5 to 1) is quite unusual in a car of this type; but if you want to get an impression of real acceleration, drop down into third and give her a generous throttle. Forty-five miles an hour is so quickly attained that it is not until you begin to slow down again that you are able to believe the evidence of the speedometer. This kittle instrument was, on the car I drove, considered to be about as nearly accurate as you can ever hope to get one. The error, if any, was very slight. I believe the engine will turn over at something not very far off 4000 revolutions a minute. I had no opportunity of proving this, but at what I took to be about 3000 there was no trace of vibration anywhere. Another five miles an hour is probably within the car's powers on third, and, I calculate, something over sixty on top. It is not sold as a particularly fast car, and the concessionaires deprecate over-enthusiasm on the subject. They claim good acceleration. With justice.

The engine runs almost noiselessly up to about



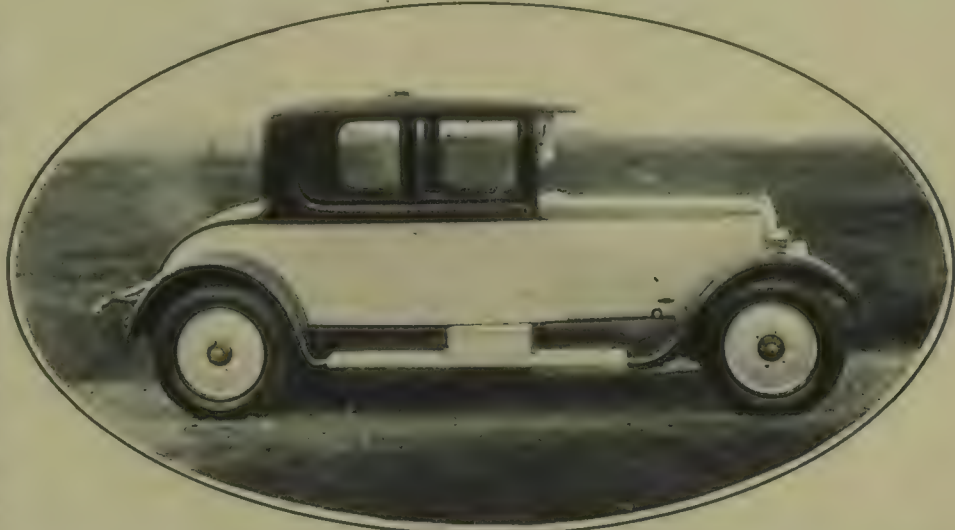
BEFORE THE STATUE OF GENERAL WOLFE AT WESTERHAM, KENT, HIS BIRTHPLACE: AN OVERLAND "WHIPPET," IN ITSELF A SYMBOL OF IMPERIAL CO-OPERATION, FOR ITS CHASSIS IS BUILT AT TORONTO AND ITS BODY IN THIS COUNTRY.

of the most interesting foreign cars now on the home market. That model was and is still known as the "Sporting"—a popular nickname which is more revolting than most of such. I found it a singularly pleasant and efficient motor-car of just about the right tonnage, if I may borrow a useful word. I mean that its dimensions were particularly happily chosen. The engine, a two-litre, is about as big as you want it to-day for ordinary touring work; the chassis-length and track are adequate without an unnecessary inch; and the bodywork is that of a comfortable four-seater. A thoroughly well-proportioned motor-car.

It went very fast, both on the level and up hill, and it did its work with exemplary smoothness. Its official speed, subject to any testing desired, was seventy-five miles an hour or more. I was able to make an example of this model, which had covered some 25,000 miles in under a year, touch seventy-three with remarkably little room to get up the speed in. It was an impressive car, the more so because of those 25,000 miles it had known, and because its behaviour was so gentle. So I inquired as to the reasons why it had been given that abominable label "Sporting." All I could get out of the concessionaires was that the difference between the "sporting" and the orthodox was that the former had a light body and the latter a slightly longer chassis. They assured me that the essential differences began and ended there.

I thought this a trifle difficult to believe, and I was consequently interested to accept their invitation the other day to try the latest Weymann saloon model—a generously built travelling carriage of the size you usually find on three-litre chassis, and bigger ones than that. The saloon is not so fast as the open "sporting" car, but it is nevertheless remarkably active, and it possesses just those intoxicating powers of darting acceleration which endeared to me the one with the horrible name. I do now believe that the two models have the same sort of engine. The faster one has an exhaust you can hear, and the other has one you cannot hear. That is a difference the concessionaires did not mention. Allowing for the inevitable slowing-down effect produced by the extra weight

the owner of a 1927 model. The bore and stroke are 65 by 100; the valves are of the side-by-side kind—an interesting point, when you remember that swift get-away and that very high maximum speed—and, except that the ignition is by coil and battery instead of by magneto, the general design is absolutely orthodox, simple, and straightforward. Two carburettors are fitted, on the whole well synchronised. The four-speed gearbox, which has a slightly lower ratio for the saloon model



MOUNTED ON THE WELL-KNOWN 21-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER CHASSIS: A STRIKING "VEE"-FRONT COUPÉ WITH COACH-BUILT HEAD.

The body of this car is by A. C. Penman, Ltd., of Dumfries, and is painted black and white.



WITH THE RUINS OF LUDLOW CASTLE BEHIND IT: AN AUSTIN TWENTY "RANELACH." Ludlow Castle was the residence of the Lords President of Wales, and for a time a royal abode.

forty-five miles an hour, and the general behaviour of the car is excellent. I have only two criticisms to make against this latest model. The first is of the side-brakes, which I do not consider powerful enough. It may have been only a question of adjustment. I hope so. The foot-applied four-wheel set is excellent. The second is of the steering, which I personally should prefer to be lighter. It is perfectly steady at all speeds, but it is not as light as I like. I daresay a wheel of an inch bigger diameter would improve matters.

The Weymann body is very roomy and comfortable. There is actually too much leg-room in the driving compartment—an admirable fault. The suspension is excellent, and the road-holding what it should be. A notable example of a very lively moderate-powered car of reasonable dimensions and striking performance. It costs £840 complete, and is sold by L. C. Rawlence and Co., 39, Sackville Street, London, W.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

"THE PROMENADES."

THERE is now no music in London until the Promenade Concerts begin at the Queen's Hall in August. The season, which takes place this year under the direction of the British Broadcasting Corporation, is to last for six weeks only instead of the customary eight weeks. But I venture to prophesy that next year it is more likely that the "Proms" will be extended for a season of ten or twelve weeks rather than curtailed, my reason being that I expect the publicity which the B.B.C. will give to these concerts in their organ, the *Radio Times*, and by broadcasting, will bring a huge new public to the Queen's Hall.

The greatest obstacle to musical, and indeed dramatic, enterprise in London has always been the vast size of the public and the difficulty of reaching it by advertising. In spite of the fact that the Promenade Concerts have been an annual London event for more than a quarter of a century, and in spite of their European renown, they remain still unknown to the great majority of Londoners. Of the seven millions odd of London and its environs, only a small proportion are devoid of all musical sensibility. The percentage of tone-deaf people is probably no higher than the percentage of colour-blind. Nearly everybody gets some sort of pleasure from pictures and pictorial art; similarly most people can enjoy music. The enormous development of the gramophone industry is in itself proof of the appetite for music; and as the appetite grows by what it feeds on, it is certain that the public must become more and more

curious and critical in its appetite. Not all the jazz, rag-time, and musical-comedy enthusiasts will turn to classical and modern music in search of fresh sensations, but a certain percentage of them undoubtedly will, and this percentage will add very largely to the Queen's Hall audiences.

made up of pictures (often faked) and of snippets of news dished up in the cheapest form, have reached an entirely new public. The other, superior newspapers have not lost circulation at all, so that the million circulations which the "tabloids" have achieved have come from an untouched social stratum, a virgin soil. It seems incredible that such a public should exist; but when one remembers that some of our Sunday newspapers have much larger circulations than any of our "dailies," we can see that even in London, where the population is more homogeneous, there are large numbers of people who do not apparently buy any daily newspaper. Similarly, our concerts, even our most popular orchestral concerts, such as the Promenades, have reached only the fringe of the London public which is capable of enjoying them, and I look forward to the Queen's Hall being frequently sold out during the forthcoming Promenade season.

One great reform has resulted from the B.B.C.'s taking over the direction of the "Proms." The second part of the programme, which used to be mainly devoted to the old-fashioned drawing-room ballad published by Messrs. Chappell and Co. and Messrs. Boosey and Co., is now to be raised to the level of the first part. It will still be largely vocal, but the songs will be drawn from the great classical song-writers, such as Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, etc., and from good modern composers. I hope that Handel and our own Elizabethan and pre-Restoration song-writers, such as Dowland, will also be represented.

It is also announced that the B.B.C. is going to continue its "National" Symphony concerts. They will start in the autumn, and most of them will be

[Continued overleaf.]



SHOWING THAT OLD-WORLD CHARM IS POSSIBLE IN AN ATTIC! A TRANSFORMED ROOM, ORIGINALLY USED AS A STORE—NOW TO BE SEEN AT "THE GAZEWAY," ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD, SURBITON.

The old roof-structure of the store was retained and added to show the tool-marks as in earlier days; and the space between the rafters was filled in with rough plaster. The natural-looking half-timbering in the wall is little more than half an inch thick! More than that need not be said; for the photograph explains itself. It may be added, however, for the benefit of those interested, that they can see this room and others by making an appointment at the head offices of Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, at 23, High Street, Kingston-on-Thames.

It has been proved by investigations which were made last year in America that the new American newspapers known as "tabloids," which are mostly

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A fortnight's gone as soon as it's begun,
Then back again to work — and the 8.20.

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Continued.

given in the Queen's Hall instead of in the Royal Albert Hall, as formerly. This is welcome news, as these concerts were of excellent quality last year, and brought quite a new audience to the enjoyment of good music. The Albert Hall is a very unsatisfactory place for orchestral concerts owing to its faulty acoustics, and everyone will welcome the change to the Queen's Hall; but again I feel that this can only be a temporary solution of the B.B.C.'s problem. The Queen's Hall, although excellent in its way, will inevitably prove too small for the musical public which already exists. It is an old-fashioned building, and to some extent suffers from the same defect as the Covent Garden Opera House—namely, that there are not enough cheap seats. The old-fashioned construction of the Queen's Hall, like that of Covent Garden, belongs to the period when music—good music—was the privilege of the cultured few. Covent Garden, and to a great extent the Queen's Hall, have catered for that section of fashionable society which took a more or less intelligent interest in music.

Only a small proportion of the "Promenade" audiences has ever attended the Symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall. The proof of this is that for the "Proms" the whole floor of the Queen's Hall is thrown open for standing only at the price of two shillings, whereas for the Symphony concerts at least three-quarters of the floor-space is taken up with stalls. This leaves only the top circle and a segment of the ground floor under the first circle available for the cheaper seats, although the public for the cheaper seats already for years past has outnumbered that for the expensive seats by about ten to one. The consequence has been that the cheaper seats are all sold weeks before any really first-rate symphony concert, and hundreds of people are turned away because they cannot afford more expensive seats. Now, when the B.B.C. brings its huge new public to the Queen's Hall for its "National" concerts, it will find that it has not

got room for its audiences. The B.B.C. will inevitably be compelled to construct a modern hall which has, to the same ground area as the Queen's Hall, a seating capacity at least four times as great.

And, while the B.B.C. is employed in building a suitable concert-hall, it might as well be far-sighted enough to construct a building that will fulfil other requirements also. What is really needed is a large modern theatre in which the B.B.C. can give operatic, dramatic, and purely musical entertainments as well. I have already expressed the desire that the B.B.C. should make some arrangement with the British National Opera Company in the same way that it has done with Messrs. Chappell and Co. about the Promenades. The B.N.O.C. is a flourishing concern which does excellent work, draws enormous audiences, but cannot pay its way owing to defective organisation, heavy travelling expenses, and inadequate capital. If the B.B.C. were to build a modern theatre suitable for the B.N.O.C.'s operatic performances, it would be possible to fill that theatre every night for seven or eight months of the year, if necessary. At all events, a long winter season could be given there; and at other times, when the B.N.O.C. was touring, the B.B.C. could use the theatre as a concert-hall for its symphony and other concerts.

It is time the B.B.C. seriously considered this project, for central sites in London are certain to go up steadily in value, and, even if the B.B.C. cannot begin at once building its theatre, it would do well to secure the necessary site, so that it might carry out a scheme which sooner or later is certain to become a necessity if the B.B.C. is to continue along its present lines.

The success of the Beethoven Festival at Vienna early this year has resulted in a scheme for a similar Schubert Festival next year in Vienna. It will be more difficult to run a week's festival on the music of Schubert, unless a considerable portion of the time is given up to song recitals. It is a fact, of course,

that large numbers of Schubert's finest songs are comparatively unknown. Even the popular, well-known songs are not heard very frequently, but there are many masterpieces out of Schubert's five hundred and odd lyrics which not even the most assiduous music critic has heard sung once during the last ten years.

But in orchestral and chamber music Schubert will not make a very good show. Two of his symphonies, the Seventh and the Eighth (the "Unfinished"), are indubitable masterpieces, but the others are not likely to throw any fresh light on this most spontaneous and easy of all great composers. The chamber music is full of beauties, but, apart from a few works, it is all terribly diffuse. One begins by being delighted, and one ends by being bored by the endless stream of not very significant melody.

It is announced, however, that, with the assistance of the Columbia Gramophone Company, an open competition will be held for a conclusion of the "Unfinished" Symphony. This competition will be open to all musicians, and the prize conclusion will be publicly performed. This ought to give rise to some very amusing things, but I fear it will be the judges who will get most of the amusement. It is, of course, quite impossible for any living musician, however gifted, to finish Schubert's symphony, and any serious attempt to do so would be the rankest vandalism. But as an amusing joke it is quite a good idea. It is also possible that there are one or two living musicians who could write a very good parody of Schubert's style. The Italian composer Casella, for example, is a remarkable musical parodist, and if he chose to enter I am certain that he would carry off the prize. Another first-rate parodist is Stravinsky, as all who have heard his Pergolesi Suite, "Pulcinella," would admit. I must confess I should like to have a third movement to the "Unfinished" Symphony composed by Stravinsky, and if the competition can bring this about it will be well worth while. W. J. TURNER.



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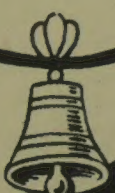
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CAUTIOUS CAMPBELL." AT THE ROYALTY.

THE new play at the Royalty, written by Miss Brenda Girvin and Miss Monica Cosens, is concerned with the inability of a Scotsman to make a proposal of marriage and the attempts made by his sweetheart's pert young sister to bring him to the scratch. Only that, and nothing more, for such comic (or farcical) relief as is furnished by the interest taken in the Scotsman's sister by the heroine's father, a retired sea-captain who relishes tinned crab and evening newspapers, and is passionately devoted to women, is quite slight and episodic. "Cautious Campbell," it may then be gathered, is a chronicle of very small beer. The Scottish lodger is such a laggard in love that it is only in an excess of jealousy that he conquers his reserve and screws up his courage to the proposing point. The result is that the action never seems to get going; the play develops by crawling instead of perceptible movement. It is not, however, uninteresting; while the acting is distinctly provocative. One still remembers with admiration how excellently that fine emotional and romantic actor, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, represented Joseph Surface at the Lyceum. With similar feelings one watched Mr. Leslie Banks, one of the ablest of exponents of "straight" acting among our younger players, essay the comic rôle of the dilatory Scottish lover. His performance was delightfully neat and finished. Miss Elsa Lanchester's cheeky but innocent young sister was a diverting enough study; but she was sheer burlesque, and would be sought in vain in the room behind any average British shop. And Miss Marjorie Gordon, as Gabby, the heroine, seemed far too consciously pretty to be at home in such a room. The atmosphere, indeed, of that room and of the play generally was just a little stuffy.

"PEGGY-ANN." AT DALY'S.

If remembrance errs not, Miss Dorothy Dickson first played Cinderella in a Winter Garden show in which she sang "You can't keep a good girl down." She resumes the part, in new surroundings suggested probably by her recent appearance as Peter Pan, in

the new piece at Daly's written by Herbert Fields and composed by Richard Rodgers. This time, however, Cinderella's good fortune comes to her not in the course of real if fantastic adventures, but in a dream. The notion is not very ingeniously worked out by the author, but it deserves welcome as a new idea in musical comedy, a species of entertainment more inclined than most to get stereotyped. From the musical point of view "Peggy-Ann" falls far below the standard set by the best plays produced at this theatre. It sinks miles below the level of such English comic operas as "San Toy" and "The Geisha," and lags leagues behind such Viennese operettas as "The Waltz Dream," "The Dollar Princess," and "Gipsy Love"—to say nothing of "The Merry Widow." This suits Miss Dickson very well, for, though she dances like a Sylph and is so charming in manner, voice, and movement that you cannot keep your eyes off her when she is on the stage, she cannot truthfully be said to sing like one of the Sirens. Miss Maisie Gay, provided with a very short skirt, an elaborate head-dress, and very scanty opportunities (of which she makes the utmost), is Miss Dickson's principal supporter.

That excellent charity, the Friends of the Poor, is appealing for help, and it is to be hoped that the response will be ready. Its great object is to aid deserving people who have fallen on evil days, by personal friendship as well as by financial assistance. It assists all classes; but to-day there is doubtless more suffering among gentlepeople, and the working middle-classes who are not eligible for the dole can so easily fall on difficult times when any sudden illness or other necessity arises, and would naturally shrink in the ordinary way from applying for poor-law relief. All cases assisted are personally visited and treated with the utmost sympathy and consideration, and watched over while the need for help remains. Very strict investigation is nowadays a great necessity in any work of this kind, and the Friends of the Poor are always very keen in emphasising this fact to their supporters and to other charities with whom they work in conjunction. Many of the members of the society take up individual people and visit

them regularly, and administer any help given. The cases of poor gentlepeople who come to their notice are heartbreaking, but it is surprising how in many instances it is found that they are eligible for some small pensions or grants which the Friends of the Poor are able to secure for them from other societies, or it is often found possible by getting into touch with various members of their family that a small fund can be secured for them and administered. The branches of the society deal with all the various needs of a family—placing boys and girls into situations; providing holidays, for convalescence, and for assistance during illness; supplying plain needlework for poor widows and single women, and also skilled embroideries for totally disabled soldiers. The address is 40-42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, and cheques should be sent there.

Authority is now given for the announcement of the fact that Warwick Wright, Ltd., of 150, New Bond Street, W., is incorporating with the well-known firm, Bertram Alvarez, Ltd., of Berkeley Street and Stratton Street, W. The incorporation of interests will not affect the *personnel* of either concern. Whilst Warwick Wright, Ltd., has hitherto been exclusively concerned with popular cars of medium power and price, acting either as distributors or retailers of Talbot, Armstrong-Siddeley, Sunbeam, and Stutz—all of which connections will continue—Bertram Alvarez, Ltd., has concentrated its attention more particularly upon luxury cars, including Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Daimler, and Minerva, and at the same time has the sole concession for the new Peerless car. The combination will now be able to offer an unrivalled range of cars. These will be on view at Bond Street and at Berkeley Street, W.

Ceylon is at its best during the English winter. The scenery is as varied as it is beautiful, and the trees and flowers are a delight to the eye. There are golf, tennis, fishing and shooting in abundance. Roads and hotels are good and cars are easily obtainable. The buried city of Anuradhapura and the Buddhist Temple of the Tooth will interest travellers. The Orient Line announce a special Christmas Holiday return ticket to Ceylon for £105 first-class. A programme will be sent on application.

GOOD HUMOUR

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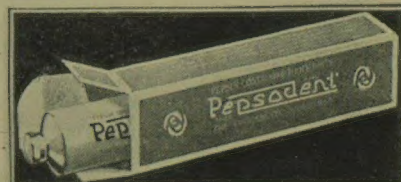
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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

TALES OF HATE. By WINIFRED DUKE. (Hodge; 6s.)

"Tales of Hate," whether one likes the subject or not, compels admiration. It is correct in details of Scots law that might have tripped up a heedless novelist, and it is a precise study of grim people. It deals with the corroding effect of hate on the human spirit. The hate is harboured long. It has its roots in envy, in greed, in tenacious possession, and in the cumulative results of domestic tyranny. Only a writer of measured accuracy could have written the first story, "The Waygoer," where three East Fife brothers struggle for years over the ownership of a starved farm. And that brings out another feature of "Tales of Hate." It is a triumph of actuality. Not many realistic novels have come from Scotland in late years. The Kailyard School and the romantic-historical school have had a long innings. The Findlaters' work stands in a class of its own. Winifred Duke's book is sharp and salt as the wind on the east coast that she describes so well. It may well make you shiver; but it is a bracing production, and it follows the victims of the passion of hate relentlessly to the end foreordained.

QUEER FELLOWS. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

There is a fascination about Frederick Niven's books. To meet one is like meeting a friend. Their

subjects are diverse, but the attraction is the same. He is essentially liberal-minded, and this comes out with characteristic clearness in "Queer Fellows." It is an account that may or may not be largely reminiscent of contact with hoboes in the Canadian back-blocks. Mr. Niven treats his tramps with affection. In the story he goes with them, the third party, and the apprentice in their adventures. W. H. Davies is referred to, of course; but Mr. Niven's inspiration is his own. Hank and Slim are super-tramps, chiefly, one guesses, because they have been lucky enough to find an interpreter of uncommon sensibility. The hobo cannot say that he belongs to a misunderstood class while there are Niven and Davies to write about him. "Queer Fellows" is human, and picturesque, and as inconsequent as life really is, but as it is too seldom shown to be under the heading of fiction. The three wanderers take to the roving life—one because it is a flight from a disastrous past; one because, though he might have been a Fabre, he saw begging as an amusing profession. Might have been! That, below the stars and the forest-trees and the queer dawn lights, is the undercurrent of "Queer Fellows."

THE ERRATIC FLAME. By YSABEL DE TERESA. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d.)

Ysabel de Teresa's romance covers familiar ground. Geniuses are ill people to live with. They are unhappy people. They are childish people. It is all in "The Erratic Flame." In any country geniuses

are uncomfortable and unhappy, the story seems to affirm, and the United States is no exception. Alexis Petrovsky was a violinist. His mother commercialised his gift until he lost it in a hysterical reaction. (It came back again.) He had a little wife, neglected after the custom of her kind. He had a friend, an attractive, rich young widow, who became more than a friend. He died as Chopin died, racked by consumption, consumed by his own fires. It is a subject that will always have its appeal. For one thing, we are curious about geniuses, so like and unlike the rest of us. The appeal is here; but Miss de Teresa has dressed it in too many frills and furbelows, and vulgarised it a little. And her book, sad to say, is over-long. With compression, and less theatricality, "The Erratic Flame" would have been noteworthy. Its technique is at fault, which is a complaint one seldom has to make about an American novelist.

The latest additions to the series of Oiling Charts published by the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., deal with the lubrication of the 14-h.p. Hillman, 10-h.p., 12-35-h.p., and 14-40-h.p. models of the Swift and the Trojan. As with the other charts already in circulation, the lubrication details on these charts have been carefully worked out, and the information given is authentic and accurate. The Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., will be pleased to send post free copies of these charts to any owners of the cars mentioned.

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